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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVII. No. 1666 DEC. 26, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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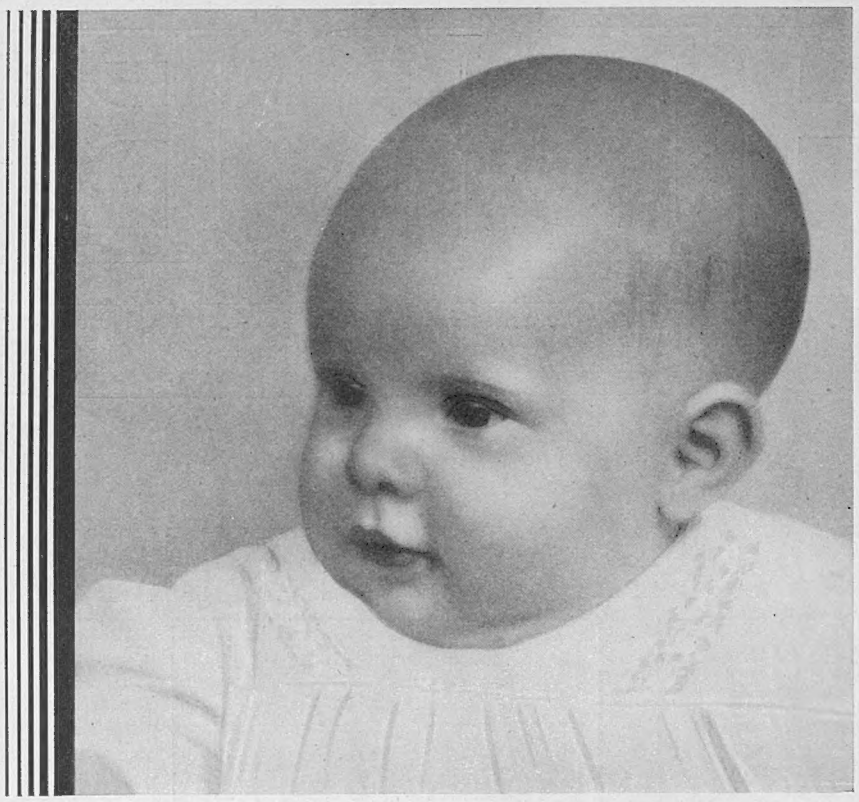

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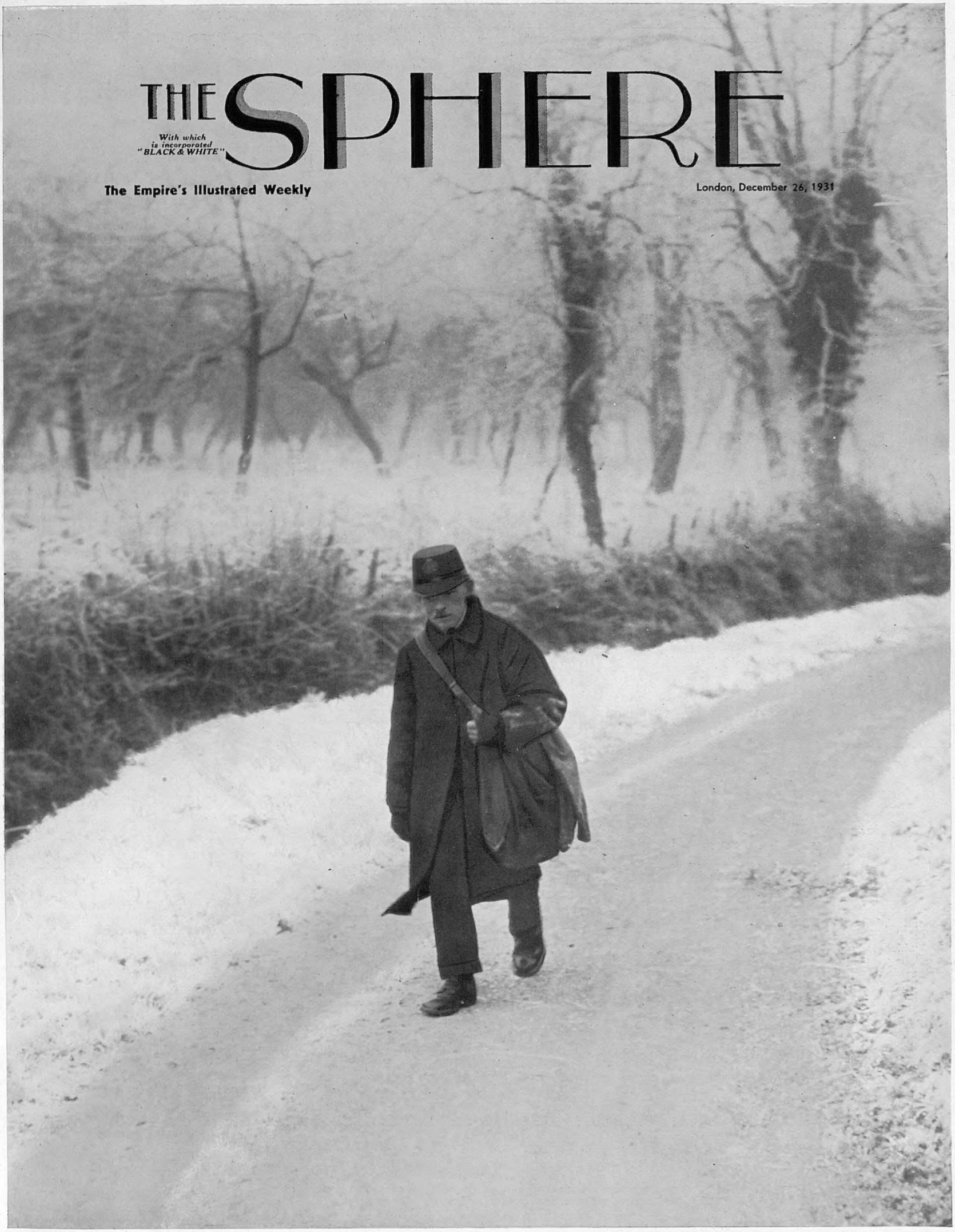
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 26, 1931



THE SANTA CLAUS OF REAL LIFE

The Village Postman Plodding his Way through the Snow-covered Fields of Gloucestershire

Not with jingling bells and flying reindeer, not in snowy beard and scarlet cape does the Father Christmas of Real Life come, but on foot and in uniform. Yet, despite his lack of traditional panoply, he brings joy to a myriad homes—letters from friends half-forgotten; cards from the ends of the earth; gifts from the young to the old or the old to the young; messages of affection; missives of goodwill. There is ever a certain wistfulness about this figure of the postman, who contributes so much to everybody's Christmas and is almost disregarded by all. And even in this year of "Crisis Christmas," he is busy as ever—for, though the presents be smaller and of less intrinsic worth than in the years gone by, yet the spirit of giving is abroad and the spirit of Christmas is still vibrantly alive

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

A London New

WILL IT BE A SNOWY CHRISTMAS? A series of instantaneous impressions of a triangular snowball fight in which the biter was bit in each case. The expressions are so realistic that they provide almost a justification for "modern" art. This gaiety at Christmas time has not been known in Britain for some years, although the cheerfulness of which it is symptomatic is not lacking even in the "Crisis Christmas" of 1931

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 23, 1931.

CHRISTMAS ONCE MORE.

—In offering all readers of THE SPHERE the time-honoured wishes of the season I follow once more established practice and include in this Newsletter a brief skeleton of the grisly corpse of 1931 which we are burying without regret. The year of the great crisis has left its mark on all of us, but it is my belief that at a distance, and perhaps in happier times, we shall look back on 1931 with kinder feelings. It may be that we shall come to be grateful to 1931 as a turning point in a prolonged slump in our national character, as a year which gave back vision and sanity to our rulers and brought out once more the essential courage and patience of our race. What is true of individuals is true also of nations: *Money lost, little lost; pluck lost, all lost.* All is not yet lost. For more years than I care to count we have in the Christmas Newsletter buried the old year thankfully and have assured ourselves that at any rate its successor cannot be worse. I believe we may fairly vary this practice now. Grave and obscure as are the problems which face us at the very beginning of 1932, I feel confident that the new year is destined to be distinguished in the almanac as a year of solid progress and achievement in international understanding and concord, if for no better reason than that immediate ruin faces civilization along any other path.

A RECORD YEAR.

—So we bid farewell to a year of records, a rock bottom year which history—even child's history—can never pass over. The great crisis of 1931! We made history this year, and sixty years on garrulous hosts will tell young nephews that they were born in the year of the Great Crisis. But the records of the year were not all low and black. Time and space were knocked silly in 1931, and in their place we must refer to the achievements of Britain on land and water and in the air in the year of records. The great financial and political crisis threw its hideous shadow over the land as early as February. From the hour of Mr. Snowden's warning speech, none but the politicians, absorbed in the party game, threw off the sense of impending doom. The depression of spirit which marked this year of gloom closed down on us in February, and reached its worst in September. Curiously enough, 1931 was a year of comparatively few important incidents. They make up in quality what they lack in quantity. In January France buried Joffre and England despatched the Prince to South America. Winston became a political free lance, and the "Blazing Car" mystery increased circulations. February saw the inauguration of New Delhi and a political crisis in Spain. March had a cold spell and the Westminster election. April saw the end of monarchy in Spain, and in England a census and a budget—a mere flea-bite of a budget as it proved. In May we were able to take a mild interest in the Derby and the Madeira revolt. June opened with a couple of shocks, the interim Report of the Dole Commission, and a mild earthquake felt in Britain. Then we went lawn tennis mad, as usual.

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In July, Hoover's plan for a War debt moratorium was agreed to, and immediately after the financial crisis in Germany was revealed. The Kylsant trial ended with the month. And now, with August, the great crisis outshadowed all else. Foreign withdrawals brought the bankers, white-faced, to Whitehall with insistent proof that our credit was tottering. Holidays were cut short and the Cabinet worked day and night up to the King's voluntary return from Balmoral on the 23rd. On the 24th the Government resigned and Mr. MacDonald formed his first National Government. Then the public learned that the vast majority of the late Labour Cabinet, in thrall to the T.U.C., had not dared to agree to the Dole cut, which represented two-thirds of the May Economy Recommendations. Parliament met on September 8, when Economy for the first time since the War became a real and vital issue. On the 10th came the Supplementary Budget and the Nation knew the extent of the sacrifices demanded. On the 20th, the Gold Standard was suspended. On the 28th, the Manchurian crisis began. So much for September 1931!

. . . .

In October the League took a hand in the Manchurian business, Cyprus enjoyed its little riot, and Britain was absorbed in the General Election. On October 27 that election—the radio election — produced its British record in majorities. In November the new Parliament met, and thence onward to the end of the session the protection of our credit and our home trade, the balancing of the Budget, India, and the League's efforts in the Manchurian question absorbed all its time. The difficulties of Germany and the self-centred policy of France evoked an extraordinary burst of hostility towards the latter country. Whatever the grousers may say, the early efforts of the New National Government achieved good results before Christmas. A quarter million illicit dole snatchers were knocked off the National purse; and Mr. Runciman made a courageous and fruitful effort to prove to Europe that England would no longer play the rôle of industrial "patient Grizel"; and the Round Table Conference terminated in a better spirit than anyone could have expected.

OTHER RECORDS.

— The weather during spring and summer may be loosely described as a record in sunlessness and general depression. There was a record in wet week-ends. The weather in October, November, and December was of record charm—sunshine, mildness, and dryness. Strawberries, sweet peas, swallows (cuckoos?), blackberries, and primroses overlapped and rioted into mid-November. On the Stock Exchange, slump conditions reached a new record. So did trade depression and unemployment. Earthquake, accident, and flood were all out for records. The Napier earthquake cost hundreds in lives and millions in money, that at Managua in March was nearly as destructive. The Chinese floods proved a disaster beyond estimation. The Honduras tornado was a national calamity. Of accidents, there was our own unenviable toll in the air, the *St. Philibert* with her 400 drowned excursionists, and many hundreds of deaths from riots or at the hands of political assassins. From these grim records it is pleasant to turn to our conquests of time and space. In January Kaye Don achieved the motor-boat speed record of 107 m.p.h.; in February at Daytona Captain Campbell achieved a car-speed record of 246 m.p.h., and in September England retained the Schneider trophy, and Stainforth made an air record of 408 m.p.h. In April Scott flew from London to Australia in 9 days 4 hours, only to be beaten by Mollison in August, as the late Glen Kidston's record flight to Cape Town was instantly lowered by Miss Peggy Salaman.

THE ARTS.

—It cannot be said that the year was very remarkable for its output of works of genius in any sphere—although the societies formed to boost the various departments of art and literature did their damndest. Biographies nowadays are mostly elaborate padding (with fireworks, epigrams, and bias) of the magnificent tenseness and impartiality of the D.N.B. Hence Mr. Briant's *Charles II* should be recorded as something apart. The biographies of the newly dead were not outstanding. Lord Crewe's *Rosebery* proved to be no model of construction. There were no immortal novels. *Hatter's Castle* and *Broome Stages* won perhaps the greatest contemporary success. There was a merciful slump in War slush. Probably the scientists proved the best sellers of the year with their palatable, popular, and potted knowledge. In the champagne-cocktail line, *Juan in America*, took the palm. In the drama Coward's *Cavalcade*, falling as it did so shrewdly apt, owed its success as much to Cochran as to Coward. *Late Night Final*, a new departure towards cinema effects, deserved all its success and more. *Grand Hotel*, following its lead, shared its popularity. Those old favourites, *The Barretts*, *Good Companions*, and *White Horse Inn* continued to draw the town. The success of *Waltzes from Vienna* was not due to the book. I recall no notable painting. I think even Augustus John failed to surpass himself. Mr. Epstein gave the stockbrokers a fine chance for their peculiar humour with his *Genesis*.

THE YEAR'S DEATH-ROLL.

—Since, last year, I undertook the sad job of compiling the year's obituary, several great men have died, the most famous perhaps Edison and Joffre. Our literature is the poorer by the death of Arnold Bennett and Hall Caine. Melba, Orpen, Pavlova, and Lady Wyndham each rose to the head of their professions and died widely mourned. Other public men who have died are Tim Healy, Sir Charles Eliot, Sir Charles Parsons, Sir L. Worthington-Evans, Sir Edward Clarke. It may be that the least illustrious leave the widest void—the nation is poorer and sadder by the deaths of Lord Knutsford, Lord Stamfordham, John Bailey, Henry Bentinck, Lady St. Helier, C. T. Studd, and Tommy Lipton.

. . . .

1931 was certainly not a year of advance in any sphere but that of speed. Even the poor old Channel fought a successful rearguard action against the conquering hordes of Channel swimmers and more than held its own. And the triumphing "regiment" of women undoubtedly received, in politics and, I fancy, in other fields, a set-back in 1931. In 1930 we talked hopefully of quick progress or even settlement for half-a-dozen burning reforms, to achieve which thousands of devoted men and women have for years spent the best of their brains and energies. Such questions, for example, as the deportation (as an undesirable alien) of D.O.R.A., the Charing Cross Bridge Scheme, Sunday opening of theatres and cinemas alike, and the legalization of sweepstakes. In 1931 all these evergreen favourites were hustled into tumbrils to be guillotined or knocked on the head.

THE END IS NOT YET.

—Still reviewing the events of the past year I walked through St. James' Square with a vigorous and hearty

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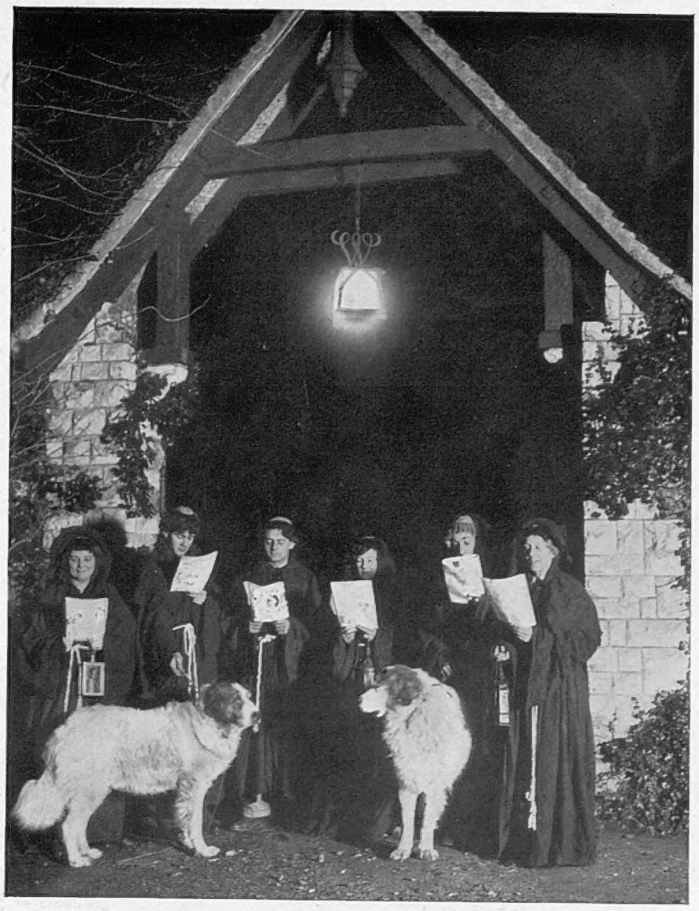
WINTER COMES TO ENGLAND

THE KINGDOM OF JACK FROST: A stroll through the hoar-frosted fields near Rugeley, Staffs—a scene very typical of the immediately pre-Christmas weather in large areas of the country. The Friday before Christmas was the first taste of genuine winter this year of climatic *bouleversement* produced since August!



CHRISTMAS CAROL: A picturesque setting at Mitcham where waits have adopted the costume of monks and are accompanied by Pyrenees dogs. This was taken at the XVII-century mansion of Sir Cato Worsfold

THE SURREY UNION FOXHOUNDS were lucky when they met at Rowgardens Wood, Charlwood, for in many counties hunting was stopped altogether owing to frost and fog. Hunting folk form one great section of the community whose prayers are not offered for a "white" Christmas

IN COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: Dressing the tree from which 4,000 children, who would have received no gifts, will be given presents, owing to the co-operation of the congregations of all the city's churches

CHRISTMAS TREES FROM DEVON: A woodcutter at work near Barnstaple, North Devon, one of the areas benefited by the "Buy British" campaign. The two big oak trees seen are known as the King and Queen of the Forest

AND BY WAY OF CONTRAST! A scene on the front at Brighton where visitors indulged in sun-bathing within a few hours of the shortest day—a typical instance of the British climate's inconsistency

THE NEW COURAGE

The Results of a Recent Personal T Expectancy on

"THERE MAY YET BE TIME TO SAVE AGRICULTURE": *The general feeling in the country-side is one of hope that the tariffs under consideration may save British farming—a view shared by this cheery lady farmer in Hants*

Our companion had just finished a week's work on a farm up the road. He had a promise of work a few miles farther on digging the headlands when the plough had finished. We had tea with the farmer to whom he was going. He had been in despair over his corn crop—his family had grown corn on this farm for 300 years, and every foot of soil was part of his very soul—and had decided to put most of his land down to grass. Since the Election he had changed his mind. He was going to try corn once more. Hence a job for our friend of the road, and many others. "It's like the end of a nightmare," said the farmer as we left. "I thought agriculture was dead, but there may be time to save it." We left him standing at the gate of his farm, just as his ancestor must have stood nearly three centuries ago, an English ash-plant in his hand and a fat spaniel at his side.

Next morning a call on an old friend at Coventry, a foreman in a famous motor works, a man whose hands had assembled many a racing engine. His wife opened the door to inform us that he was in bed. "Ill?" I said apprehensively, not daring to utter my fear of unemployment. "No," she replied, with pride in her voice, "on night shift." *On night shift.* Those words seemed too good to be true in these hard days. Olympia orders, she explained, much bigger than expected, and new export business. We would not let her wake her husband, for we had learned something of what we wanted to know. And in the voice of that grey-haired, smiling woman was the optimism and hope that are in the hearts of the workers of Coventry to-day, the spirit that pervades the whole British motor industry.

As we left Coventry we passed a long row of cars. Bare, grey-painted chassis, with muffled drivers on improvised soap-box seats, out on test. At a coffee-bar we had a talk with these men who spend their lives driving countless thousands of miles on half-made cars. They had no complaints for there was plenty for them to do. Very proud they were, too, of the industry in which they worked, and convinced of its future prosperity.

At Nottingham we went to call on a miner, and found him in a tin wash-tub in front of the kitchen fire cleansing himself of the pit dirt. He and his daughter gave us the news of Nottingham. Coal was looking up, more orders, not such big stocks at the pithead. The improvement was partly seasonal, he explained, but more factory orders were coming in. He was cautiously optimistic.

His daughter was an enthusiastic Protectionist, with all the arguments at her finger ends. She normally worked in a lace factory, but had been "out"—what a terribly expressive word it was on her lips—for six months. But she had promise of work soon. Things had been terribly bad in Nottingham, she told us, but this slim young girl with the hands of a pianist was full of hope that the new duties would mean work for her and her "chums." When I got home I found a letter from her father waiting for me about some books he wanted. It had a postscript: "Doris starts again on Monday."

From Nottingham on to Sheffield, and passing through Mansfield we noticed that a silk stocking factory was being enlarged. The general belief a few years ago was that the Paris shops sold the best stockings in the world. To-day it is recognized that for hard wear British silk stockings have no equal. At Sheffield we struck an unemployed procession, about 6,000 marchers, many of them undersized youths, shouting Red slogans with a mechanical weariness, shepherded by a few large, amiable, and rather bored members of the Sheffield City Police.

To some this procession might appear to be a sad aspect of the unemployed problem, but the marchers had no sympathy from our neighbour in the watching crowd. He was an unemployed moulder, had not worked for two years, but he had no patience with Red agitation. Every now and again he pointed with his pipe at marchers who were known to him. Some of them, he told us, never had worked. Lived on the dole and their parents. Would not and could not work if you offered them a job. His comments (may have been hard, but forty years in the Sheffield foundries had made him a shrewd judge of men.

I asked him about the chances of trade revival in Sheffield. He was very cautious. It would take a long time, he told us, for any improvement to be really felt. He had no hope of getting a job, but he wanted "to see th' lad started again." He's a moulder, too," he explained with the pride of a craftsman in his voice. May there be work for the "lad" to carry on the heritage of this humble family.

We spent the night at York in a hotel full of busy and optimistic commercial travellers. Their conversation was vastly illuminating, for they of all people have their fingers on the pulse of trade. All were agreed that retailers were "buying for stock," having carried the smallest stocks possible for a long time past. We saw one order book; it will mean work for 100 Leicester men and women for six months to come.

We breakfasted very early next day, but most of our friends of the road were already away or were busy in the stock-rooms in the hotel yard.

"CORN—NOT GRASS": *Many farmers have been thinking dubiously of putting all their grain land down to grass—but the new Government has given them courage to pursue their traditional procedure for another year. Modern agriculture uses a machine which ploughs and sows at once*

It all started from a chance meeting with an old friend, an estate agent, in Piccadilly. "Come and have lunch," he said, "I've just sold a factory." And at lunch he told me what the result of the General Election meant to him. A large factory on the northern edge of London sold to a Belgian firm. More than thirty inquiries for factories or sites since we went off the Gold Standard, all these inquiries carried further since the Election, many of them likely to become practical business. A block of house property sold to an investment corporation, and so on. The same story might be told by many estate agents all over Britain, for on October 28 optimism came back to the nation. But this talk at lunch gave birth to an idea. By evening the idea had become a plan. Soon after dawn the next day the plan was in operation, when we left home to visit as much of industrial England as one could in a week. To search, not for scenery, but for the human side of trade revival. To talk, not with the princes and captains of industry and commerce, but with the humbler souls who work for them.

A travelling labourer who shared our sandwiches with us on the road outside Stratford-on-Avon gave us news of agriculture. Working from farm to farm, fruit-picking, hop-picking, pulling mangolds, cleaning ditches, and going into the workhouse, or "spike" as he called it, when work was short, he knew a thing or two. He was a "card," with the wisdom of thirty-five years on the road and the land. Things had been pretty bad, he told us, but they were looking up. He had done quite well fruit-picking down Evesham way, because a cannery had been opened up there.

One thought of the optimistic tone of the representatives of the British canneries at their conference at Manchester, and their hopes of establishing home-canned goods as a thriving national industry. One thought, too, of an afternoon spent recently in one of the largest bottling and pickling works in the country.

A place of clanging machines, stamping, turning, and soldering Welsh tin-plate in tins large and small; of these glistening tins travelling on miniature railways to long clean rooms where smiling, white-coated girls filled them with vegetables from English farms; of other rooms where these tins were lowered into great coppers for boiling; and where girls labelled and packed them with amazing speed. And of the grizzled old works foreman, who told us of increasing export trade, of night shifts worked because of the publics insatiable appetite for English garden peas, of the demands of South American aristocrats for London piccalilli sauce and West African negroes for tinned brussels sprouts.

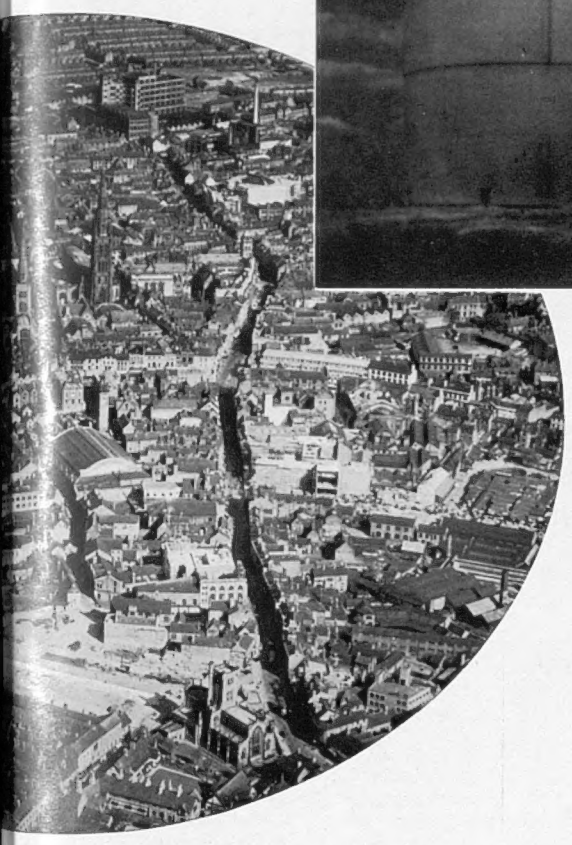
IN THE COUNTRY

hrough the Industrial Districts of England and Scotland Reveal a State of Optimistic ringes of the Countryside and in the Factory. By J. BAKER WHITE

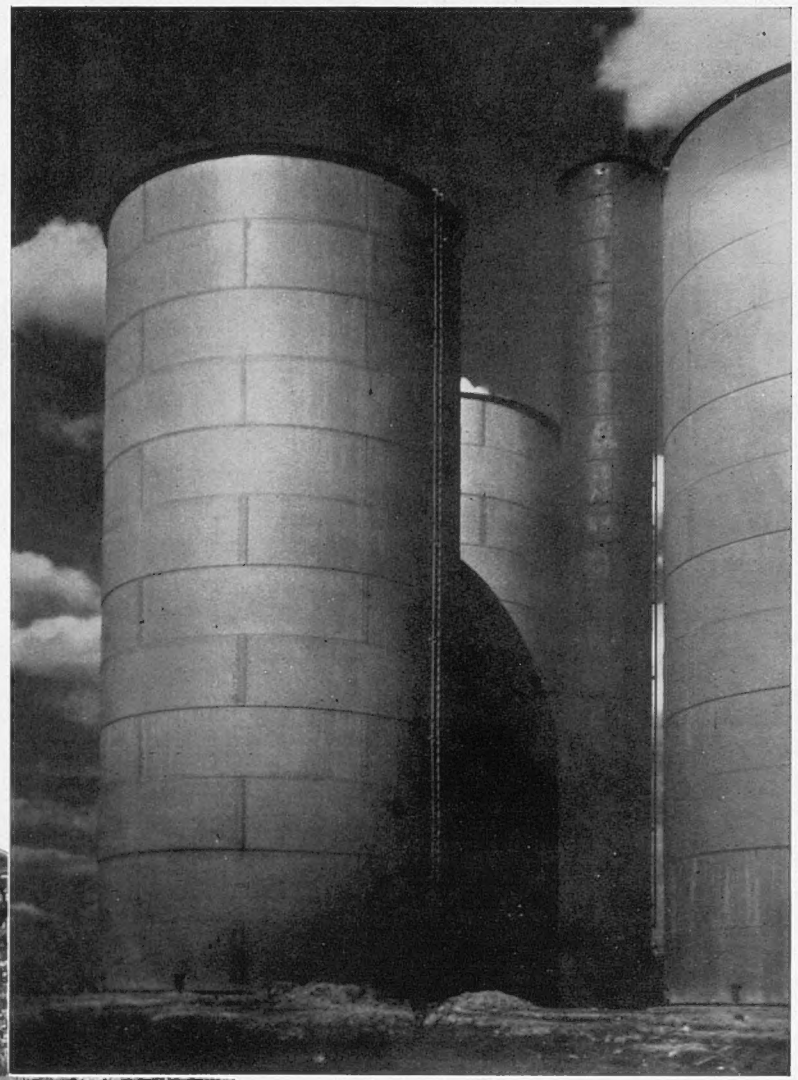
By lunch we were in Newcastle, but before then we had turned aside to Billingham, and had also had an enlightening conversation with an A.A. Scout. Billingham is the home of the giant Imperial Chemical plant, a forcing-bed for miracles, of which synthetic nitrate is but one. Here, again, was optimism, for chemicals play a vital part in almost every industrial process. The A.A. Scout, who has known the Great North Road these ten years, told us that in the past few weeks he had noticed an increase in the volume of commercial traffic, a significant fact, for this superb highway is one of the arteries of Britain.

At Newcastle, a stricken city, where the grass grows high in the empty shipyards, where empty colliers swing in serried rows on the tide and where countless thousands wait and wait for work, we fell into conversation with an old man exercising a sleek greyhound on the Town Moor. Listening to him, one longed for a shorthand writer to preserve his tale, one of tragedy, yet of hope. Three and forty years a shipyard worker, seven and twenty years a trade union official, four years without work, nothing to do but watch the Tyne flow by, talk with his chums, and take the dog for a walk, his courage had not failed. He had seen the shipyards full, with work enough for all. He told us that he could not bear to go and look at them now, with skilled men, whose hands had helped to fashion great ships, glad to get a few days' work cutting down the grass growing over the slips.

But he believed that the tide was turning, and that before his time was up Tyneside would be launching ships again. He had heard that things were better at Blyth and at Hartlepool, that more coal was going overseas, that there was news of orders for some new trawlers. And his daughter's boy had just started in the new motor works at Scotswood. Thus on the Town Moor did we come to know that tribulation has not broken the spirit of the men of the Tyneside, who wait and pray for the day when once again the river banks will ring with the clatter and roar of ships in the making.



"COVENTRY IS OPTIMISTIC": *Even night shifts are required owing to the increased production consequent upon the going off the Gold Standard and the general feeling of confidence after the Election*



"SHEFFIELD IS CAUTIOUS"—*but it is felt that in time the great city of steel will regain its quondam prosperity and provide work for all the lads—a picture by Don Wallace*

Then the road to Ponteland, and across the border into Scotland in a scurry of mist and rain. That night we lay at Peebles, in a hotel glistening with new paint, and a manageress ready to make comfortable those who, this year, will not see the Corniche Road, but who will instead learn something of the beauty of their own island. And may they be rewarded with such a morning as we had when we took the road for Glasgow, with the lowlands gloriously beautiful in the sun of a perfect autumn day.

Between Hamilton and Bothwell, where rows of long green houses run down to the Clyde, and where each cottage garden seems more trim and tidy than the last, we had converse with a market gardener whom we found tacking a "Buy British" poster on to a greenhouse door. He told us of the trials and troubles of the past few years, of tons of Clyde tomatoes dumped in heaps to rot for want of buyers, while the Board of Trade returns showed imports of ton upon ton of Italian and French tomatoes; of the Continental growers taking what he called the "cream of the market," and leaving the British growers the skim.

He had great praise for the horticultural duties, and he did not let us forget that the Minster for Agriculture is a brother Scot. If that man is representative of the growers of the Clyde Valley, and I believe he is, the chance the new duties have given them will not be thrown away.

And so to Glasgow, with its wide streets, its clanging trams, its crowds, its never failing hospitality. Like Newcastle, a stricken city, with its silent empty shipyards, and yet a city of courage and fortitude in adversity. Some hold the theory that within a few years Finis will be written to the history of the Clydeside industries. I would not advise them to air their views at Govan, Greenock or Clydebank, where there are hundreds, even thousands, who have waited not months but years for work. You will see these men standing in knots at the street corners. Their faces are thin, their muscles slack, and most of them have drawn in their belts to the last hole. They are very, very tired of waiting, but their spirit is as undaunted as that of their brothers who died in the mud of the shambles of Loos.

They say that the Clyde is "Red," and it is true that long processions often pass by behind the scarlet flag of Moscow, but with many of the marchers even this is better than utter idleness. Give the Clyde three big ships to build, and Karl Marx and Lenin would be forgotten.

Here is an incident to show that the men who have built great ships have not lost faith in their industry. A crowded room high up in a tenement building in Govan. A man and his wife, their three children, and ourselves. The man sits at the table; spread out in front of him are the tools of his trade. One by one he takes them up, wipes them very carefully with an oily rag, and puts them back in a big leather bag. The last time he used those tools was over three years ago, but not one Saturday has passed without his taking them down from the shelf to safeguard them against the rust of idleness. That is the spirit of the Clyde.

Time was pressing, so early next day we turned southward and took the road for Carlisle. That night, resting at Penrith, we fell into converse with an American who had been "doing" the Lake District, and was enraptured with it. He had been in England all through the crisis, and he had warm praise for the calmness of the people. He had studied British industry, he admired the British workmen and employed them in his factories at home when he could get them, and he was emphatic in his opinion that this country would win through to prosperity. We asked upon what he based his opinion. "You build well," was his reply, "your towns and your villages are the best kept in the world, and there are no other people who carry their burdens like the Britishers. Yes, sir, this island of yours is just solid rock at the core." With that tribute he bade us good-night, leaving us to ponder by the fire and remember the last gallant lines of *Cavalcade*.

The next evening found us in Liverpool to see a shipping agent, to find him away in New York to get an order that would put an idle British ship to work. In the morning we passed through Prescot, where new contracts for electric cables will mean a happy Christmas for many homes; to Manchester, grey in a steady rain.

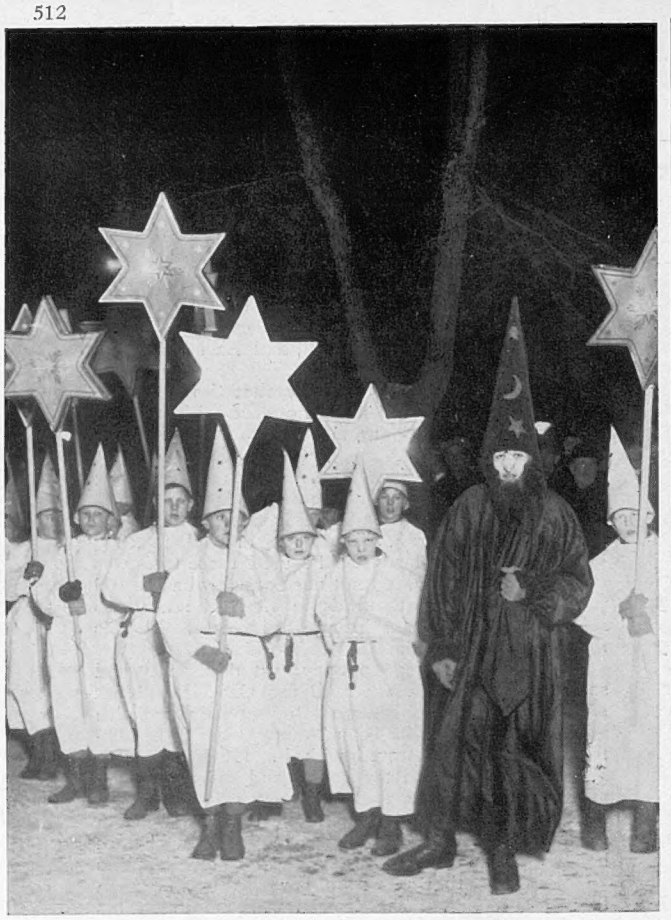
Here a Catholic priest gave us news of more of his flock at work, happy in showing us Press cuttings giving details of contracts for the cotton trade. We talked of tariffs, and he took us down the street and showed us the stalls where many cotton operatives and their wives did their shopping, stalls piled high with shirts and socks and cotton goods from Czechoslovakia and Japan. Socks for 6d., shirts for 1s. 6d., to be worn by Lancashire out-of-work cotton workers!

"I am not a Protectionist," said the priest, "but surely something should be done to stop that." On to Leeds, to see a master cutter in the tailoring trade. A shrewd and cautious Jew, he was well satisfied with the way things were going. He had work enough to last him until March. Being a good man of business he studied the wool trade reports, and they showed that things were better at Bradford and Halifax and Huddersfield. More orders, more mills at work, less short time. He asked a favour of us, to take a friend to Dewsbury, where work awaited him. This we did, to earn the gratitude of a man who had known two years of idleness.

And so on to the West to spend a Friday night with a grocer in Gloucester, and to see something more of the pride of England's workpeople. One housewife came in and made her purchases, then said, "I'll settle up the credit. Dad's started work again." No pen can describe the joy in her voice, the happiness at her man being once more back at work and at being able to pay up the credit that had been given her. Nor can we forget her last purchase, "Two penn'orth of bull's-eyes, dad's Sunday treat."

The search for the human side of trade revival ended in the West, on a tramp steamer lying idle in the Hamoaze at Plymouth. It was nearly dusk as the boatman put us off to see an old friend, the first officer of a Plate meat boat doing a watchman's job. How pleased he was to see us, to tell us his news, that he had been warned to get the ship ready to be taken back into commission. We stood on the silent bridge with him to watch the sunset, and told him what we had gleaned of the news of industrial England. Then I realized that he was not listening. He was looking into the sunset, and he was for the moment far away. He was not idle in Drake's harbour; he was out in mid-Atlantic, with the deck throbbing beneath his feet and the salt spray stinging his face. Trade revival would mean to him a humble Paradise regained.

Trade revival. Simple but magic words, meaning much to industrialists and bankers, but how much more to the millions of workers of industrial Britain. If there are men in this country to-day who have money to spare, who have capital lying idle, there is no finer thing they can do than put it into industry to set more souls at work, and make a happy New Year for some of the humble homes upon which the greatness of our land is built.



A SWEDISH SAINT: The festival of St. Lucia, the Queen of Light, is annually celebrated according to the old traditional rites in Stockholm on December 13. On the left are the star-boys preceding the "saint," seen on the right, portrayed by Froeken Britt Marie Rud-nsthold

BETHLEHEM IN HUNGARY: In Mesökövesd at Christmas time the young girls study old nativity plays and enact them in the courtyards of various farms. They make their own dresses and sing folk-songs and carols and are given refreshments by the farmers

THE YOUNGEST BROADCASTER: Karl Sobotka, a Czech, who, at the age of four has entertained children over the radio

"GAZING GLOBES": Miss Anne Cohen of Los Angeles has a unique profession—putting the finishing touches to the gazing globes (Anglice, witch balls) used for Christmas decorations

"THE SPHERE" XMAS NUMBER

An outstandingly popular feature of the Christmas Number of THE SPHERE is the portrait of the little Dutch girl by van Everdingen which has been reproduced therein for the first time in colour. When going to press with the Christmas Number we were not able to say who this delightful little lady was. Search was being made in Holland, but the result of these special inquiries did not come to hand until after the number had gone to press. In Amsterdam the various researches made proved unsuccessful, but luck has attended inquiries made at Alkmaar, the town so intimately associated with van Everdingen. Through the courtesy of the Director of the Municipal Museum of that picturesque town, we are able to state that the original of this most delightful of Dutch portraits of children was almost certainly little Maria Baert. She was baptised on December 11, 1661, at Alkmaar. She was the daughter of Willem Baert (1640–1684), burgomaster of the town from 1676 to the year of his death, and Elizabeth Kessel. On July 4, 1683, Maria married Henricus van Olphen, a minister at Alkmaar. She died at the age of twenty-seven. Portraits of the mother and father, also by van Everdingen, hang in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam.

The identity of the Little Dutch Girl in the Christmas Number of "The Sphere" now revealed

SOLUTION to the MISSING WORD PUZZLE IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Not long ago *Princess Ida*, accompanied by her maid, *Patience*, fell into the hands of *The Pirates of Penzance*. They imprisoned them in *Castle Adamant*. Not even the influence of that great man, *The King of Barataria*, could gain her release. It is a mercy that it was not a case of *Ruddigore* before help could be sent. It was fortunate that she did not fall under *The Witch's Curse* as did *Bunthorne's Bride*. The plot for her escape was arranged by *The Mikado*. He obtained the help of *Iolanthe*, who accomplished the dangerous task of gaining possession of the keys of the prison. *The Sorcerer* was there to give help if it was needed. If the villains were caught they were to have *Trial by Jury*. Many of the highest in the land offered their assistance. So *The Peer and the Peri* both did their part in helping to release her. The help of *The Merryman and his Maid* was obtained and they gave the villains an entertainment in order to draw their attention off the prisoners. *The Gondoliers*, each of whom is *The Slave of Duty*, gained admittance to the prison and dragged both the girls out. *The Yeomen of the Guard* were ready to escort them as soon as they were clear of the fortress. *H.M.S. Pinafore* was in readiness to take her to *The Town of Titipu*. Great precautions were taken that it should not again be a case of *The Lass that loved a Sailor*, as this time the lady was of royal birth. *The Grand Duke* met her on arrival and took her to be his wife. He had already fought *The Statutory Duel* for her. They lived in *Utopia, Limited*, surrounded by *The Flowers of Progress*.

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL

Christmas is the Apogee of Youthful Enjoyment

A LIVING VELASQUEZ: The Countess Alexandrine Apponyi at a charity matinée attended by the Queen. She represented the Infanta Margarita Teresa

THE TUDORS COME TO LIFE: A scene from an open-air play acted by children from six to nine years old. This took place at Esher Place, Esher, the establishment of the Shaftesbury Homes. The house has many Tudor associations — Wolsey was imprisoned there, as were men captured by Drake

"THE LEADING LADY GETS ALL THE FAT!" Two of the performers in the children's matinée at the Phœnix Theatre, attended by the Queen, chat between acts

TITIAN TWINS: Master David and Master Jonathan Cory-Wright as Philip II and Don Juan in the *tableaux vivants* at the Phœnix Theatre

CHERRY RIPE: Miss Raine McCorquodale in the delicious costume she wore at the matinée at the Phœnix, in aid of the British Mothers and Babies' Hospital

OLD MASTERS COME TO LIFE: Miss Susan Ann Armstrong-Jones and Lady Jane Douglas as Gainsborough's "Member of the Linley Family" and Hoppner's "Princess Sophie"

"TWELFTH NIGHT" IN BERMONDSEY: Pupils of Boutcher's School arrive at St. Luke's Hall to rehearse their annual Christmas show. Walking through the streets in costume, they created something of a sensation. Their presentation of the immortal comedy was highly commended

"KINDER, KUCHE, UND KIRCHE" is Hitler's motto for "right" German women

WAR DECLARED ON WOMEN

The World Crisis, Following on the Emancipation of the War and the Over-Production of the Post-War Period, has Brought to an Acute Climax the Unemployment Problem, which Can, it is Feared, be Solved only by Relegating Women to Their Limited Pre-War Professions

By FERDINAND TUOHY

As Christmas of Crisis passes and fateful 1932 is borne in, a new phenomenon is signalled in more than one of the harassed lands: a movement against women:

There's work for one,
But not for two.

That might be the refrain of it. Yet one more problem worthy of these giant, infernal times! Men welcomed women, cheaply, into the labour market when things were roaring. Now that the machines are stilled they say, "Out, please! We were here first. We can't have you here now. There's only room for one." That's just machines. The problem ranges widely up into the liberal professions via administrative and business offices, factories, commerce, via the manifold fields which have been invaded by women since these won emancipation through the War. Are not women in serious measure responsible for the almost universal unemployment tragedy—not so much to blame, rather as the ones who happen to have made things far worse by claiming co-right with men to earn their way? They were freakly drawn in, mobilized, through dearth of men and production dementia. Shouldn't they gracefully withdraw now that there are too many men and over-production? Is the labour market women's proper sphere, anyway, as it is that of men? In sum: should women be allowed to work as uncontrolledly as they do? Might not their efforts be wisely canalized, moderated, to advantage? It is a resounding question of which we can but hear more as the drama of men *v.* machines (the basic one of our time, whatever they say) gathers momentum. Travel about the Continent to-day and one cannot help running into it. Here, in a Berlin *bierhalle*, is a victimized Teuton neighbour impinging on one's exclusive newspaper-reading lunch:

Ewing Galloway
THOUSANDS of women work in Germany and thousands are now unemployed

"Women can run homes. Men can't. Women can have babies. Men can't. Women can be *hübsch*. Men can't. Women can idle naturally. Men can't. Let women do all four!"

The gentleman wore a Hitler moustache, quintessence of Chaplinism, just a patch below the nostrils. Masses of Germans do that now—politics told from the lip—yet it remains a tragedy of the movement that 90 per cent. of its truest hearts are below hirsute age.

Hitler represents the extreme of the woman-ousting movement. He is Mussolini in this matter, only much more so. He will not have women as the equals, in any way, of men. That doctrine he has engrained deeply. He lays it down that under the Third Empire every job that was always recognized till lately *as* a man's job shall go firstly to a man; what may be left over, plus *echt* women's work, shall go to women. And that shall be that. Paradoxically, the women's vote carried him to victory in 1930, but those, he says, were the right German women, the young comrades of the future prepared to yield the femininities as their contribution to German rebirth. They have heard *Deutschland Erwache*—but not as the siren from a factory. Meanwhile, the mass of German women workers—voting but docile—are anxiously regarding the future. 11,000,000 women work, or try to, in post-War Germany; there is a 2,000,000 surplus over men; every sixth German woman must face an unmarried future. Unemployment among women is already pitiable in places like Berlin, where the nature of the prostitution affects even the hardened pacer of city lights. One hardly envies Hitler this part of his self-set mission. Naturally, many of the millions would remain in listed feminine employ. Judging by defence newspapers appearing, the bulk of the probable ousted ones are already looking, for salvation, to that women's-Utopia-for-people-lately-peasant, Soviet Russia.

One recoils from using the cliché "sex war," yet in another German land there are unmistakable signs of this. In Vienna—poor, ex-sparkling, over-punished Wien (for they were not all Berchtolds)—you will find in full bloom a Men's Defence League. Now the unemployed business in Vienna itself is poignant. Here is a place of 2,500,000 souls—nearly half all surviving Austria—whose surrounding manufacturing plant once fed the famous Ramshackle Empire so dear to the heart of Mr. Lloyd George, war orator (heaven knows what to call the Central Europe of to-day that has replaced it—Greater France would look like being its name if we're not careful, and that *would* please L. G.). To-day that mighty plant has rusted to bits, its usage no longer required by the neighbouring Succession States. In reddish Vienna there is a dole, and *Winterhilfe*, but the dole is not ours, nor is the food a patch on what our unemployed may come by, while the weather is ever harsh, biting—and how weather counts this winter which we shall all remember! However—

A growing number of Austrians have come to lay their worklessness at the door of their women folk. They say that these work as a luxury, for silk stockings or for abysmal wages. A varied list of jobs which were once the preserve of men is paraded at the League, which also takes upon itself the presentation in book and pamphlet form of most of the ills for which women have been held notorious down through the ages. Particularly, also, the vexed matter of maternity is developed.

This League says: Away with such things as alimony and affiliation orders! Eve is, and always was, as responsible as Adam. One cartoon shows a well-alimonied wife

BACK TO THE NURSERY is the principle now gaining ground in post-War Germany. The *Hausfrau* will yet replace the *Wandervogel!*

flouncing off and looking contemptuously over her shoulder at a hollow-cheeked, slaving ex-husband who will now have to pay for her upkeep, while she will either be kept by another or—will go to work. There in the rub. Women cannot have it both ways—grab men's livelihood and expect to retain all the privileges they held before they did so. Such is the burden of this little piece of Vienna hate, and one seems to have heard of it before, nearer home. Nevertheless, this bitter twist is rather isolated to the Danube at the present time.

The commoner tendency is to argue the case on its merits—Should or should not the feminine sex in these unprecedented times be granted the same facility to work as men? May it not, for one thing, be making for the deterioration, the effeminizing of the race—this wholesale *gigolo-ing*, as it were, of the male population, having its push perambulators and things while the women bring home the bacon . . . "for women must work and men must reap"? That is certainly the way Mussolini looks at things. Women must *not* work with him so long as there are posts which unemployed men can effectively fill. Such is the interesting Fascist doctrine—though one hastens to add that it refers to a land where female emancipation and independence have never made the strides associated with other climes.

The Duce starts with that definite advantage. He hasn't got 14,000,000 or 15,000,000 women voters at his coat tails. Still he has gone into this matter with his usual brainy penetration as the master realist of his day. In no country is a braver, more intelligent fight being put up against unemployment than in Italy. I wish I had space for it. It would "learn" some of our late Front Benchers what *can* be essayed when there is little or no dole available.

A big difference between Fascism and the Soviet is that the former exalts the Mother, the Family. Mussolini sees where women fit best into his State-building scheme and, while so many of us to-day are wont to scoff at the three K's—*Kinder, Küche, Kirche*, in case they've been forgotten—he envisages the Italian woman in the home, preferably rocking a cradle. The Fascist State stands or falls by the degree of virility it is able to maintain, and it is the Duce's conviction that such virility decreases in ratio to the hold feminism obtains on a country. Yet in his corporation laws he takes care that feminine interests are respected. No woman may be dismissed because she gets married, while he surrounds womanhood with lavish welfare work and hygiene (always with an eye to those *bambinos*). Against this, however, he keeps fixedly before him the central factor of over-production. If women were allowed to invade the labour market without let or hindrance Italy would only suffer, accordingly, greater hardship from mounting unemployment. Policy, therefore, is gently but firmly to discourage women from emulating the male wage-earner, except in the case of proven specialists or where cases arise such as a girl supporting her parents or a widow her children.

Women's work (what is it?), of course, remains open to women. But, as you might say, only pre-War women's work. A Duce, in a siesta land, can decree that sort of thing—one of the rare situations where things have panned out more easily for Mussolini than for others. Imagine the firing of Lossiemouth did its laird ever dare such limitation, such evacuation, of the once-male field in Britain! Evacuation of the once-male field is in the air . . . but, oh, so difficult, for it is no longer the same field by acres.

Mr. MacDonald brings me to our own case. Apropos is the abuse of the dole by women—some 200,000 combed out within a few weeks. I believe it is so that actually 2,000,000 more people are employed in the United Kingdom in 1931 than was the case in 1914. Over 2,000,000 more women are working to-day than before the War. *Ergo:* Had women not trooped in their legions into the labour market, had they continued to do what their elder sisters apparently did not so dislike doing a score of years ago, there would not be an abnormally unemployed person in the land to-day. Shades of the celestial! Yet, of course, pure vanity, to be marked *Erewhon*, and forgotten.

We crossed our Rubicon as no other country did in the day of trial when we summoned those wonderful munition-ettes and every other kind of -ettes into being on the home front in 1914–18. We had no horizon then but barbed wire. No one gave a thought to what new situation might arise later in relation to the future employment of these (I think) 4,000,000 women of the War. All that would sort itself out. Reconstruction. New world to build. Homes fit for heroines. But a truce! I marked this recently:

> These are the inheritresses of the new world, these are entering as of right and without struggle into that changed recognition of women's capabilities into which their elders were forcibly plunged.

We breed a sturdy type of girl, with character; one

THE MIDINETTE AND THE MANNEQUIN are the two great types of French feminine labour in Paris, but women workers have encroached on many other fields

who, when she takes to something, is not easily deterred. Our women took thoroughly and gladly to work in its almost every form—perhaps the pit and the blast furnace are the only major outlets barred them. We have women in every realm, even in the Reform. We appear too far committed to gain anything from an offensive against women even did we care to participate.

The retort given to women in other lands, "Go and found a home!" evokes an all-too-ready response from our 2,000,000 surplus and unmarriageable ones. To deny work to women, to administer it in any way, would be a return to degrading servitude, to inferior bondage! One hears it all so plainly—the fine case, too, that could be made out for the sheer economic *necessity* of large numbers of women working. Yet may there not be something to say on the other side?

I am thinking principally of the quantities of youths of eighteen and nineteen, from all stations, who are daily trying to get first jobs. Is it well that any of these should be crowded out by women and turn into hang-about futilities?

It does seem possible that one day we may have to give some form of priority to male youth in order to perpetuate the type in its effective masculinity, and that women, willy-nilly, will then have to make way. Such points as whether wives should be permitted to fill posts when their husbands do so remuneratively, whether sweet young things with perfectly welcoming homes should be allowed to grab business appointments for the thrill of things, whether women should not be held primarily for certain forms of work which happen to be strictly theirs (notoriously domestic service), may well have to be examined one day on the selective Fascist principle. Meanwhile, good sense and good taste may lessen the evil with us of feminine overcrowding on to a limited field.

The United States are hotly debating, too, it having been discovered through the census that 2,000,000 more women have come on the national pay roll in ten years. Altogether, no fewer than 49,000,000 citizens, from ten years of age upwards, were on the salaried list in 1930 out of a total population of 122,000,000. Female labour is divided as under:

Domestic Service	3,150,000
Industry	2,500,000
Commerce	1,700,000
Agriculture	900,000
Miscellaneous	1,000,000
Total	9,250,000

This may not sound much out of a grand total of 49,000,000, yet we have to remember that a large darkie population is reckoned in this figure, and that, expressly, the fresh feminine increment of labour during the decade 1920-30, and totalling 2,000,000, affects almost exclusively the urban areas of industry and commerce. American women only got the vote during War Hysteria, 1917, which also yielded Prohibition. Before then, American womanhood was peachy and pedestalled, but not seriously earning its living outside domestic service: all in America has come so suddenly, as usual, and that has made the dilemma more acute.

American women have not shone since they entered public affairs, in fact they have been duds. They also gave birth to those hotbeds of inhibited emotionalism, women's clubs. They are, frankly, not in very good odour over there just now, in slump times, for what they may have done to enhance the American effort. The most luscious stenographers in the world, the peppiest saleswomen, yet a note is distinguishable to see some others out of the workaday arena and back once more on their pedestals.

Harpers, in a leading essay of much sentiment and kind thinking, suggests 'tis as a sweet and civilizing influence, a thing man cannot encompass, that women should shine and be content to shine. In other words, back to the apartment house, decoratively. The white collar brigade is not so well disposed. It looks askance at Lipstick for having invaded the labour market out of sheer luxury loving and for staying on, now making competition worse. And Lipstick, also unemployed, looks back unaffrighted. But I shall say no more about America, believing that it has always been more sinned against—by itself—than sinning.

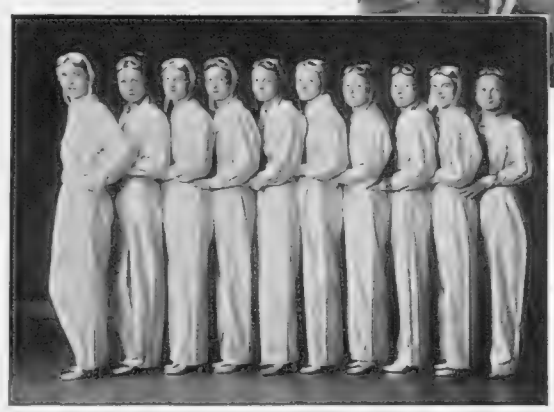
It is impossible to hazard how many unemployed there are even in North America and Europe, much less in the world, but the first figure cannot currently be under 20,000,000 — 11,000,000 in Europe and 9,000,000 in the United States and Canada.

This controversy over women is arising pretty nearly everywhere, except in Soviet Russia. The position in the U.S.S.R. is unique and engrossing. All women can work there and most do. There is no woman question—the more the merrier—and the nationalization of women myth has died. They are enjoying it, having a vast new experience, almost suffocatingly free and equal. In industry, in building, in transport, on the land, they are up to the hilt in it side by side with the men; they are only barred from the mines and from one or two particularly exacting jobs. Thirty per cent. of all in industry, setting up the Five and Ten Year Plans, are women, a further million having been taken on in the past year.

The U.S.S.R. encourages women in every branch of the national effort, and one-third of the tens of thousands learning night and day in schools, in order to catch up with the wretched capitalists, are women. Actually women do not get paid as well as men because they are put in lesser jobs (unless turned into specialists, which is striven after); moreover, there is much prostitution, chiefly among peasant girls up from the country to go into industry. But such are trivial enough matters in a remarkable ensemble which even stretches to the armed forces. The *Osoaviakhim* trained 40,000 women in one year for war service — chiefly as telegraphists, wireless operators, sappers, pigeon and dog experts, pilots, and, of course, as hospital nurses. But only a minor percentage is earmarked for succouring casualties.

There is, then, at present the precise reverse, in the Soviet, of any effort to oust women. But the circumstances are without precedent. The Russians are surely the only people working like bees until 1938, because, figuratively speaking, and by comparison, they had hardly got a roof or a stitch to cover them! When they have given themselves what we others have had for generations, when they set out to live by export from their hungering machinery, the vastest in the universe, *then* should be the time to judge, *then* there may arise a women's problem. Some say the Soviet will never need to export, that, possessing all internally, it will rest content with catering for its own teeming millions. That seems to involve the trader-in-man, human nature, rather deeply.

RUSSIA ENCOURAGES WOMEN, on whom the brunt of the Five and Ten Year Plans fall



A PROBLEM IN THE U.S.A. is the great influx of women workers, millions of whom could be and should be replaced by men

IN THE WAR women were welcomed in activities seen above; to-day they are, perchance, to be expelled from their jobs to make room for men

In France, the battle waxed warmly the other day consequent upon a learned professor boldly coming out in the open and saying women should go back where they belong, *le foyer*, and thereby lighten the burden of *le chomage* which the French do not shout about and which they are the better able to bear for their small needs, their having put something by, and their ability to rely upon *la famille* to give them temporary assistance. If the French proceeded on our figures, they'd have a good two million "out." We over-proclaimed our plight and sent down our stock seriously; others have learnt from our error.

Professor Richet says that 30 per cent. of all labour in France has become feminine in the past twenty years and for that reason production has been augmented by a like ratio; to reduce it, let the ladies avaunt and (Molière):

Former aux bonnes mœurs l'esprit de ses enfants, surveiller son ménage, avoir l'œil sur ses gens.

Women have not got the vote in the Republic, and their leaders are rather frightened lest something might be done about them in the Chamber of Deputies—such as forbidding this and that category to work. The half-million war widows and fiancées, the daughters helping out the family, the unmarried mothers, the divorced women, the wives who maintain invalid husbands — what of such as they? Not to mention the little sempstress, all on her own in the world? The answer to the sempstress, at least, is that real women's jobs would never be touched—only jobs into which women have crept mainly through and since the War and which now, in the days of gross over-production and no horizon, should return to those who held them or to their grown-up descendants.

WOMAN'S PLACE IS THE HOME is Mussolini's slogan—Italian women not being emancipated

What of the million odd surplus women? demands an *avocate*. "Would you turn them all into prostitutes, *M. le Professeur*, you who have drawn a veritable queen bee's nest down on you, for these are Suffragette days in France, at least among the leaders?"

Writes the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld in obvious emotion:

> Brutally to condemn women to misery, to ignorance, and to immorality . . . in a country where there are 5,500,000 women who are spinsters, widows, or divorced, and where, alas! many mothers have been abandoned and there are many families in which the income is insufficient or wasted by drink, to forbid female labour would be to condemn thousands of children to death . . A generation ago there were 6,382,000 women workers in France; in 1926, out of a population of 12,000,000 or 13,000,000 women of over twenty-one, there were 4,500,000 employed outside their homes, without counting those engaged in agriculture. Including the latter, the total stood at 7,800,000.

It isn't that at all, madame, and anyway, one hates to see juggled figures. Just now there are well over 10,000,000 women and girls under twenty-one (why eliminate these?) working in France, and this without counting the large number of women who earn a living in their own homes, thereby preventing others from doing so outside. The public services are flooded with women, usually the wives of husbands similarly employed. The figure is 140,000. There are 1,000 women doctors and 300 women lawyers, but it is idle to pretend that these are aimed at in the present agitation. This is directed chiefly at the public services, at the dual home-and-away worker, at the silk stockinette (of whom there are more than in any other land, and so many of them well kept), and above all, at *la femme dans l'industrie*.

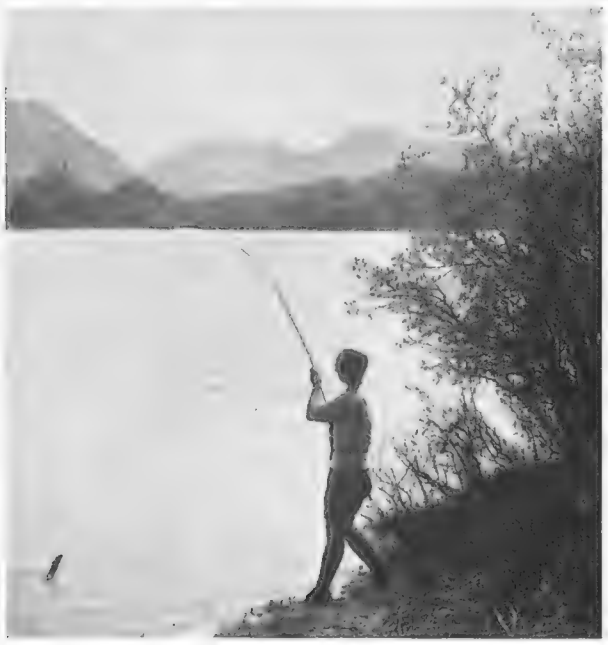
No blame attaches to the women for having arrived there, but a strong desire is evident to stop employers from exploiting women any longer on cheap wages when men are idle. Possibly the argument which will yield most in France is that of insufficient natality due to women having been lured by work from the home. Of nearly 3,000,000 Frenchwomen in industry less than a third are married. In a Tourcoing factory 800 women had but 146 children. That is the kind of argument which strikes France—the wounded *foyer*. Of over 1,000,000 women in commerce, 600,000 are pursuing officially unaccompanied paths. I rather think something may happen in France. Half-time for women is spoken of as a beginning.

No space remains to deal adequately with the new Spain and I have been unable, in time, to come by the situation in Scandinavia, though quite sure that there *is* a situation in such a highly feminized and now suffering neighbourhood. As for Spain, the Cortes recently gave the vote to 5,000,000 Carmens and the enfranchisement has led to a swoop upon careers. The Carmens of cigarette factory and the fields had long worked beside their men, but the middle and professional classes had always held their women jealously aloof from wage-earning. Now, in the first fine rapture, that has ended. The señoritas are flocking into schools and business offices. And they have M.P.s. What may be the effect of this age-postponed stirring in the peninsula? The same rush from *foyer* to wage earning, with its attendant apparently inevitable and permanent ousting of masses of male workers?

C

AN ANGLER'S PARADISE: Cameron Creek is stocked with lake trout, grayling, salmon trout, rainbow trout, bull trout, cut-throat trout, steel-head trout and pike. The waters of this stretch are crystal clear. Dolly Varden (bull) trout are prolific

THE LIGHT ROD BENDS: A bite in Lower Waterton Lake, a piece of water famous for its Dolly Varden (bull) trout. This lake and Cameron Lake form the great fishing centres of Waterton Lakes, National Park



"UP SHE COMES!": A catch recorded by the camera in Lower Waterton Lake, Waterton Lakes, National Park. This is not a show place, but anglers often stay for weeks—sometimes for the whole season—for the excellent sport available

THE LANDING NET COMES INTO PLAY: A scene on Cameron Lake, Waterton Lakes, National Park. Tourists who are well catered for and not interfered with, usually stay either in camp or in lodgings in the town

SPOILS OF THE CHASE: A noble trout stowed away after being caught in Lower Waterton Lake. Dolly Varden and rainbow trout are the most prolific in Waterton Lakes, National Park, but other varieties are also caught

FISHING in CANADA

Literally, there are thousands of districts in Canada each of which might truthfully be described as an Angler's Paradise, and there is sport in plenty for every type of fisherman from the youngster with a bent pin to the millionaire with a battery of expensive rods. And millionaires do fish; you may meet them, all Americans, at the Salmon Club on the Restigouche river, Quebec—that is, if you can pay the initiation fee of ten thousand dollars and an annual fee of fifteen hundred dollars! If you lack the millions you can enjoy yourself just as well with the wonderful fishing on any of the numerous salmon and trout streams of the Maritime Provinces, and with a cheap rod, too.

Anglers travel hundreds, if not thousands, of miles from all parts of North America every summer for the sole purpose of enjoying a fishing holiday in Ontario where the rivers and lakes are well stocked with many kinds of fish, the principal of which are trout and bass. Thrills in plenty are provided by the gamey maskinonge, specimens of which weighing 30 lb. are not uncommon. Salmon and trout are plentiful in the deeper, larger lakes.

Bass, whitefish, pickerel, and pike are the rewards of the angler in the Prairie Provinces, but for choice fishing in magnificent and inspiring surroundings one must visit Jasper and Waterton Lakes, National Parks in the Rockies. Most of the beautiful lakes and streams of these parks contain game fish, and restocking operations widely carried on by the Canadian Government during recent years have resulted in a steady improvement in fishing.

Rainbow trout, cut-throat trout, Dolly Varden (or bull) trout, and salmon trout are among the indigenous species. Loch Leven trout, which spawns in late September and early October, and Ouaniche (or land-locked salmon), both non-indigenous fish have been introduced into some of the suitable waters with good results. Specimens of Ouaniche weighing 4 or 5 lb. have been taken with the fly from Pyramid Lake. German brown trout, which usually run to 5 or 6 lb., have been introduced into Lakes Annette and Edith.

The best fishing waters are Lakes Annette and Edith, north of Jasper Park Lodge, Pyramid Lake at the foot of Mount Pyramid, and Caledonia, Marjorie, Hibernia, and Dorothy Lakes, all lying between Jasper and Geikie Station on the west bank of the Athabaska. Farther afield are the Wabasso and Jacques Lakes.

Caledonia Lake is the most consistently satisfactory water for fishing; more than four thousand rainbow trout are taken from it annually. The Wabasso Lakes furnish the best weight average in rainbow trout; parties have been known to catch the bag limit here every day for a week, with as many as four rainbow trout of over four pounds each in the catch. Jacques Lake is noted for consistently good catches of Dolly Varden trout; this fish is less gamey than the rainbow or cut-throat, but its rich flavour earns for it a preference by many as a table fish.

Cameron and Lower Waterton Lakes are the most satisfactory waters of Waterton Lakes, National Park, the Dolly Varden of the first water being heavy; the catches of rainbow trout are consistently good in both waters.

Anglers taking their fishing tackle when visiting Canada will have no trouble with the Customs officers if they explain that they are tourists: the equipment will then be entered duty-free immediately. Favourite flies should, of course, be taken, but visitors usually find the flies sold locally to be the most satisfactory. Although the Canadian attitude is to leave the tourist as free as possible from restrictions it is well to inquire at the nearest Post Office as to bag limits and open seasons; these vary according to districts.

BUSHMEN of the KALAHARI

The British Scientific Association, while visiting South Africa in 1906, realized that the Bushmen were rapidly dying out as a species, and suggested that exact replicas of the then existing types should be made. The first experiment was sponsored by Johannesburg, and carried out by a sculptor in Germany, but was not a very great success. Of the three copies now existing of this initial enterprise, one is in the British Museum. Dr. Peringuer, later, gave Mr. James Drury, the distinguished taxidermist and modeller, leave to carry on at the Cape Town Museum.

There are three main tribes in the African sub-continent—the Bantus, Bushmen, and Hottentots. The Koranas, who are found on the border of the South-West Protectorate, two hundred miles due east of Windhoek, are a separate species, but are negligible on account of their scanty and swiftly-dwindling numbers. The Hottentots and Bushmen of the Kalahari interested him most of all. Drury found them perfect subjects, simple as children, harmless and faithful. On those occasions when they used their dreaded poison-arrows their European victims had harassed them beyond endurance, and richly deserved their fate. People living around that district warned him that it would be impossible to get them to pose—even to gather information from them. They were actually at first diffident, their great dread being that they would not emerge alive from the plaster. But once Drury had persuaded the first man that the ordeal was safe, they gained confidence, and soon came flocking to his hut, eager and curious as monkeys, and feverishly anxious to gain the reward of a bag of tobacco or a white shirt, which he offered in return for being allowed to cast them—tobacco and white shirts being their most highly-prized possessions. They would slip the latter over their heads and wear them sans trousers and sans prudery.

Amongst the industries that they practised were those of soapstone pipe manufacture, bow and arrow, string, and bead making. Their mode of making the last-named had been the cause of a great deal of conjecture.

The Bushman is a wizard at veld-craft. On one occasion Mr. Drury lost his pipe on a three-mile distant shoot amidst thick scrub and grass, and a little Bushman sped away like an arrow, returning in half an hour with a grin on his wizened, yellow visage, and the pipe clutched triumphantly in his hand.

The morals of these folk are exemplary, their sense of responsibility towards one another amounting to a religion. Some Bushmen were imprisoned at Windhoek, and upon visiting them Drury inquired as to what was happening to their wives and families.

"Oh," they replied unconcernedly, "another man is taking care of them."

"Aren't you afraid that he will steal them from you?"

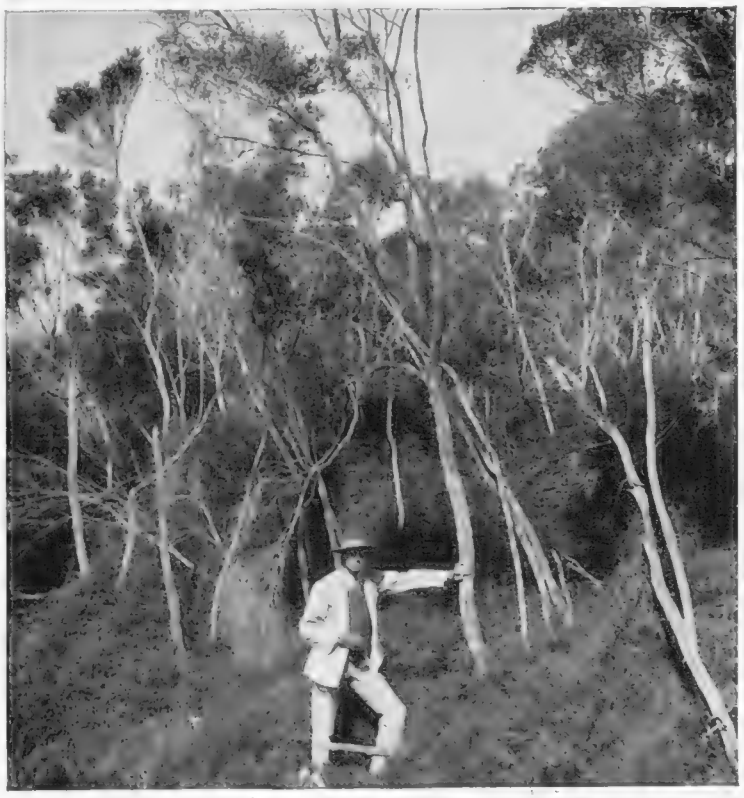
They replied with a look of blank incredulity. They simply could not conceive of a friend's treachery.

"When we go back, wife come back."

For the rest, they have small families, two or three children being the maximum (probably a provision of Nature necessary to the survival of a constantly-hunted, nomadic race). The different South African types are now greatly mixed, the purest Bushmen being found at the Cape. Drury stood four hundred natives in a circle, graded according to racial traits, and would defy any scientist to detect the beginning of the "series."

From the European standpoint, the Bushman is unreliable, and cannot understand our insistence on punctuality or the keeping of a promise. Sometimes, after preparing for a busy day, Drury woke to find the whole tribe decamped to a spot many miles away, so that when he actually got a good "subject," he had to work at top speed, modelling, taking casts and photos, reproducing their colourings—all in one sitting.

DINNER IN THE KALAHARI DESERT: A group of Bushmen surprised by the advent of a photographer during a meal. The woman on the right is a Qung; the man beside her is a Bakalahari; the man in the foreground is a Bahurutsi; while the woman in the left foreground is a Batete. The Bushmen are the most indolent of peoples—an example of which trait may be found in the fact that a 12-foot string of beads took a woman three "moons" to make!



THE KALAHARI DESERT: The inhabitants of this district have a remarkable sense of responsibility towards one another; yet they have no appreciation of the sanctity of the given word and less of punctuality. They are kindly of nature and their cruelty is only that of ignorance.

TYPICAL BUSHMEN: Two members of the Masarwa tribe, which is domiciled in the North of the Kalahari Desert. These aborigines provide a startling contrast in physique to, say, the Zulus

BLACK AND WHITE: A typical member of the Qung tribe standing beside an European of normal height. The Bushmen, though well proportioned, are pigmy in build

THE HOME OF THE LOWEST RACE IN THE WORLD: Scrub of the Kalahari Desert. Despite the lack of mental development that characterizes the Bushmen, they are a lovable crowd—appealing to the sophistication of the white either as children or as animals from which they are not far removed

SECRETS *of the* CIRCUS

The Private Life of the Most Anonymous Company in the Entertainment Profession and the Financial Structure of the Great Christmas Diversion, which Attracts at Once the Old and the Young, are Revealed

By CHARLES GRAVES

CLOWNS ARE USUALLY BRITISH and this troupe of girl clowns—"The International"—are directed by a Canadian. Trapeze acts are usually French; riding acts are Austrian; jugglers are ubiquitous throughout the world; strong men are Teutonic, and the rest of the turns are drawn from almost every country

Do you know how much the Bearded Woman is paid for appearing in the Freak Show at Olympia? Or what it costs to feed a tiger every day? Probably, if you are in London, you go to the circus every year. Perhaps you pretend that the reason for your visit is to give your small son or little niece a good time. The chances are that you really go because you are, happily enough, still a child at heart yourself. But have you any idea of what the entertainment involves behind the scenes?

Personally, I go to the Circus every Christmas. But it was not until Mr. Cyril Mills, the elder son of Bertram Mills, lunched with me this week that I had any idea of the finances and organization involved in the production of the Circus at Olympia. Poor Bertram Mills has been unwell for nearly two years, but he is immensely lucky in his two sons, Cyril and Bernard. They are jointly his right-hand man. They travel across Europe and America booking turns for our delight.

You might suppose that the conventional education of Harrow and Cambridge would not assist them much in assessing the exact entertainment value of a snake-charmer or an embalmed whale, or of a quartette of flying trapeze artists. Up to a point you would be right. And yet Cyril Mills tells me that the modern languages and engineering which formed part of his education have proved of the greatest value to him in his career already. Stresses and strains are a matter of life and death to a high-wire artist. Languages are distinctly useful, as very few circus artists are English, except the clowns. Primarily, though, the public school and university education is valuable in the tactful leadership which it brings out in all those who pass through its various stages. And this is of extreme importance in the circus world.

Not, mind you, that circus people are difficult to handle. They are quiet, unobtrusive people who lead Spartan lives and never become excitable. Cyril Mills can recall only one occasion when an artist was intoxicated. They are a race apart. Unlike the film stars whose faces are known to a million fans, only their names and some of their tricks are familiar to the public. It is for that reason I propose in future to clap my hands more loudly than ever when I see some unusually brilliant piece of work at the circus. Applause means more to a circus artist than to any other. He comes from a complete isolation into the glaring arc-lights, performs his probably unique trick, bows to the applause for a moment, and disappears whence he came.

Circus acts are the only type of entertainers who maintain and must maintain the glamour of the mystery which enwraps their private lives. They take it for granted that the public will not recognize them when they walk down the street, just as the man who doubles for some famous film star in a dangerous stunt does not expect recognition either. Oddly enough, they are not at all jealous. There is little or no back-biting. If two similar acts appear on the same bill, both troupes will do their best to out-do each other. But that is all. Mind you, there is intense pride in achievement among the circus folk, intensified by the fact they are not going to be recognized afterwards by an audience, however ecstatic. The job may be anything from feeding a lion to being shot out of a cannon. But the very proper pride remains. Yes, it would be difficult to imagine any greater contrast between the momentary triumph and the hours of oblivion when the act is over.

Take this year's Circus at Olympia. You have probably seen Willie Schumann many times in the saw-dust ring, and yet he might stand beside you for half-an-hour without your being any the wiser. Yet he is the greatest master of equitation in the world. Despite his name, he is a Dane. He and his two brothers come from Copenhagen.

Merely to transport him and his assistants and his horses costs £2,500. That is quite apart from the weekly fee. The horses all have to be insured. It is fortunate that they can be. Most circus acts are too bad a risk for an insurance company. It would be impossible for any wild animal trainer or trapeze artist to pay the premiums that would have to be demanded. On the other hand, the enormous salaries paid are enormous chiefly because the salary has to take the place of insurance money.

There is naturally no risk in a sword-swallower's profession. He knows it too well. So it is not very well paid. Sword-swallowers, as an average run, earn £10 a week. In contrast to this—though here again there is no risk, a good midget makes as much as £40 a week. It all depends, of course, on the law of supply and demand. A really well-bearded lady, like the one who is now in the Freak Show at Olympia, gets £15 a week, as well as a second-class return fare from Paris. For bearded ladies are fairly scarce. Scarcer still are real giants. The giant at Olympia is paid £25 a week, as well as his second-class return fare—in this case from Texas. Lion-men, whose hair grows all over their faces, also average about £25 a week. Very fat women can be estimated at about ten shillings a stone, and are paid anything between £14 and £16 a week.

I am rather sorry for very thin men. It seems to me that circus proprietors take an unfair advantage of their professional lack of appetite, for they pay them only between £10 and £14 a week. A good flea-man (you know the man who was here two or three years ago. His patter was wonderful. His fleas pulled minute chariots, and he fed them personally)—a good flea-man, I repeat, earns about £20 a week. They were almost extinct five years ago. To-day the public is distinctly trained-flea conscious. The trainers are usually German or English.

By the bye, you need have no qualms about going to stare at the freak show at Olympia. Its denizens could not earn one-tenth of the money in any other way. Moreover, they have been stared at all their lives. Ever since they were children, midgets have been used to hearing people say, "My goodness, that *is* a very small midget, what?" The point has been reached where you would be positively slighting a midget if you failed to stare at him—unless you paid him the greatest compliment of all and simply did not notice him at all. It is the same with the giants. They have been used all their lives to remarks like, "Gosh, that's a gigantic giant, isn't it?" or "Heavens above, *what* a giant of a man!"

And the lion-men. Think of the times people have said in their presence, "Goody, he reminds me exactly of a lion." And the very fat women. How often they must have heard people say how much they resemble their Aunt Maggie, or the hippopotamus at the Zoo, or something like that. The very fat women, in particular, batten on it. They swell with pride. And why not? It is their job to be very fat. And they fulfil it admirably. Besides, they are paid very good money, and they have been so hardened to staring that they simply do not notice it. It is only if they are not stared at that they become self-conscious.

Of course, there are some circuses which have freak shows where the freaks are objects of pity, and not of wonder or curiosity. That is disgraceful. But you will not find it at Olympia. It is the same with some of the more daring acts. The proprietor of the circus has to make up his mind at what point suspense becomes too great to be comfortable for the audience, and where legitimate risk merges into downright foolhardiness. Incredibly daring as the Wallendas are, their act is really one of extreme, cool-headed skill. There is an act in America which is notorious for the extravagant and sickening dangers to which it exposes its creators. But you will never see that act at Olympia.

Many of the best circus proprietors do not care to have acts where the percentage of risk is too high. Their theory is that the public does not like to be scared beyond a certain point. The only way for these proprietors to decide is to see the act themselves. Does it thrill them or frighten them? Some members of the public never get so far as seeing what the actors are doing, because they are too horrified by the working of their anticipatory imagination. Fortunately for the circus, there are not many of these. But there is a big percentage of the public which is literally frightened and made perfectly miserable—I am one myself—when it sees a man taking chances which are really desperate, without any saving appliance to catch him if he falls. There is a man in America, they tell me, who goes up to the roof of any building, puts a noose round his neck, and then jumps towards the ground. He does it in such a way that the whole weight of his

RECITAL BY "BACH"! One of the most brilliant of performing dogs, who plays the harmonium almost with the *élan* of a Paderewski and the technique of a Pachmann

ALL ABOARD! Five of the famous Rieffenach family of bare-back riders in more—or less!—comfortable positions on one horse

body is taken by the noose. It is brave beyond belief, admittedly. But it is obviously too much of a good thing. It is not skill. It is sheer horror. When he jumps, everybody is thoroughly uncomfortable, and the fact that he does not get killed is insufficient compensation for the agony you have gone through. You are unlikely to see him at Olympia.

There used to be another man who worked on a trapeze up in the roof of one of the foreign circuses. He began his act by balancing two back legs of the chair on which he was sitting on the trapeze. Then he would sit on it and read a newspaper; later becoming bored with that he took a heavy glass tumbler out of his pocket and balanced it on the trapeze, which had a circular disc fitted to it. Next he put one of the chair-legs on the tumbler and sat on the chair. Imagine the sensations of every audience which saw him—culminating in the one which saw him slip and fall and break his neck.

It is difficult, of course, to assess the maximum risk which a circus act is entitled to undergo without frightening people too much. But in the opinion of the best circus proprietors it should not be such that one slip means death—or even a very serious accident. Naturally, there must be some element of danger in it; thus a flying trapeze artist is always in danger. If he misses his catch he falls, and if he has not time to get into a position, while falling, that will enable him to land in the net on his back—the ideal position—he is probably going to break something.

But it is impossible to talk in terms of percentages where legitimate danger is involved. Suffice it to repeat that no insurance company will carry the risk of any trapeze artist. But for your own peace of mind, remember that the circus is the cradle of showmanship, and that many things which look dangerous to you have the minimum element of danger in them. Anybody who acts in a circus has been at it all his or her life, and the very first lesson learnt is that of falling without hurting oneself. It is taught long before the first trick, and is in itself one of the most important tricks you can be taught. Still, you naturally do not want to exercise this art if it can be avoided. And if your life depends on efficiency you must be efficient. You must go to bed early, live on a diet, and practise daily.

HIGH SCHOOL RIDING: Fräulein Cilly Feindt whose equestrian skill is amazing. Her turn displays that perfect balance between sheer thrill and consummate art that British audiences love

It might be supposed that the circus people are interested only in their work. And indeed their enthusiasm for the success of the whole show is intense, and not to be compared with the lackadaisical interest taken by many stage and film stars in the vehicle of entertainment in which they appear. But despite their necessarily infinite practice, their turns are so short that they have a great deal of spare time on their hands. In consequence, in actual fact many circus people are most cultured. Tackle Barbette, the high-wire artist, on fifth-century Greek architecture, and he will tell you all about it. Ask any of the Wallendas about the Zwinger or the Alte Pinakothek or the Natural History Museum in Chicago, and you will be given a complete description.

Most circus acts, it is estimated, travel between 25,000 and 40,000 miles every year, and such is their natural gift for adapting themselves to their surroundings that within twelve hours of their arrival in London they feel as much at home as any Cockney.

You will probably remember Long Tack Sam's Chinese troupe. Bertram Mills, besides paying their weekly salary, had also to pay for their transport not only to England from China, but from China to the United States afterwards. No wonder that the weekly salary list at Olympia is £5,800—when you include in that the proportion of the cost of transport as well. But, as Cyril Mills said, if you feel you *must* have a certain act, well, you must, and you must pay through the nose for it. The best circus artistes are unique and so can charge unique salaries. In the case of Long Tack Sam's troupe, Cyril Mills saw them at Baltimore in 1924 and it took five years before their booking arrangements made it possible for them to come to London.

This year there are eighteen different nationalities represented at Olympia. The Wallendas have come from the United States. They are two brothers, and the girl is the wife of one of them. Carl is the head of the troupe, and they all speak English, Danish, German, and French. They are the quietest people in the whole show business. Cilly Feindt is a German girl and one of the prettiest ever seen in this country. She is said to be one of the finest riders in the world and has acted on the films. She earns £60 a week.

The Four Bronetts are Scandinavians. They are brothers, and the one exception to the rule that circus acts are quiet when not working. They are just as funny in private life, and are always trying out new gags, like squeezing raw eggs over one another. The Olvera Brothers are the only Mexicans who have ever worked for Mills' Circus. Of the four Cleos, the senior is an Englishman, but they all talk various languages. The Picchiani troupe have lived in America for nineteen years. There are three brothers and seven assistants. The Klein family has been earning its living by riding one-wheel bicycles for two or three hundred years. As one gets too old, another one takes his place. They are taught from the age of two how to do it. The Rieffenach family, which is American, has had to come all the way from Florida. They consist of a mother, her three daughters, and her two sons-in-law.

Mathies, the wild animal trainer, is a German, and as good as Togare, though his style is different. His eleven tigers cost £80 a week to feed—about a guinea a day apiece. The Mitzi Rose sisters are two of the Rieffenach family. They are extraordinarily pretty girls. It is many years since there has been an act like this in England.

STARS IN STRIPES: Four members of the Sloan family of stilt walkers, high up in their profession, who, according to a wit, are "very stilted" in their gait! This is one of the most "elevating" of circus turns

Speaking generally, most trapeze acts are French. High School riding acts are nearly always Austrian or German, with the exception of the Schumanns who, as I say, are Danes. Before the War many of them were English, but now they have died out. "Butcher shop" acts—as strong-men turns are called in the business—are practically always German. Jugglers may be any nationality. Rastelli, who gets £400 a week, is a German. Roberto Vasconcellos is a Portuguese nobleman. Julio Xifra is a Spaniard. The Walkmir Trio are Italians. The Dal Paos troupe are Argentines, and the man who looks after the sixty-five ton whale is an American. This embalmed whale has been the biggest side show success in the United States for the last thirty years. It has taken £80,000 in admission fees in eighteen months, and already it has three imitators, all dead like itself. This one cost £350 to transport merely from the London Docks to Olympia. Mr. Hoffmann, its manager, has a highly developed sense of humour. And no wonder, It would be difficult to imagine a more bizarre occupation. Every now and then quantities of embalming fluid have to be pumped into his well-preserved charge, which was the largest individual package ever shipped across the Atlantic.

The clowns at Olympia are usually English, and they earn anything from £12 to £150 a week. Grock, of course, is French, and was paid £800 a week, while Charlie Rivels, the man who dressed up as Charlie Chaplin and was at Olympia a year or two ago, earned, with his two assistants, £375 a week.

Altogether, the circus at Olympia costs £60,000 before its doors are opened, and there are only five-and-a-half weeks in which to get it back. But it is not such a gamble as it would appear. The more successful and ingenious the talkies, the more popular the circus is becoming every year. The public likes actualities as a contrast to shadows on a screen. Moreover, it knows that it is impossible to fake a circus act, while time and again it has learnt how apparently-exciting shipwrecks and railway train smashes and other thrills are often nothing but cleverly enlarged pictures of miniature models.

Circus acts carry their life in their hands. They do not have dummies to take their place at the critical moment. But, though you will not be allowed to see at Olympia any stunt where your legitimate anxiety for their welfare develops into horror and anguish, always remember that a distinct element of risk is always hanging round them. No wonder, then, that they are very superstitious, more so even than stage-folk. And if any orchestra at the circus played "Three Blind Mice," which is notoriously the most unlucky tune in the world, I do not believe that a single act would go on with its turn.

Apart from that, Mr. Bertram Mills has no risk of failure with his annual entertainment. He has dragged the English circus business from the gutter in which it lay, to the dazzling, dizzy heights of a £60,000 five week's show at Olympia. He has brought more laughter to children—and grown-ups—in this country than anyone, except Charlie Chaplin.

A TRUNK CALL! One of the Power elephants in gala rig—bells on his toes and topper worn well over the right ear—executes a *pas seul*—an amusing and "sure-fire" turn

RUM-RUNNI

The Bootleggers of the Baltic, Brough

SIGHTING A BOOTLEGGER IN THE DARK: Police-boats are equipped not only with powerful searchlights but also with night-glasses, whereby rum-runners can be sighted rapidly and watched. The main vessels keep in neutral water and land their forbidden cargoes by motor-launch

THE PATROL: High-speed motor-launches are continually patrolling the area from visiting the vessel and bringing off the contraband cargo. The ... at sea, they are inviolable. Rum-runn...

SMUGGLING DEVICES display endless ingenuity. Some are made in the form of gaiters, others in the form of muffs, all of which are, in reality, tanks for spirits. Women are more successful than men in smuggling goods through the Customs

The sin... loss o... the atten... usually ov... not an in... America. ... Prohibitio... a large m... "wet" re...

Upon t... series of p... organizati... the Prohib... It is estim... litres of l... dealt with, ... litres legal... tions (man... from a str... The consu... diminishe... communit... ized and b... Many fish... entire ene... laws.

Steams... to the mar... anchor in... roads for ... or we... These bo... some ... flag, such a... of Pers... Panama, ... they will ... until Finn... Norwe... fishermen ... their small... near by, ... at night, ... pretext, ... course, of... suing thei... ful occ...

EXAMINATION: The police periodically board a suspected vessel, but invariably find that she is not bound for a Prohibition port!

ISOLATING A RUM-RUNNER: Firing in progress aboard a police vessel to prevent a vessel approaching the bootlegger

SEARCHING FOR THE ABANDONED SPOILS: When a fast police-boat is menacing a rum-runner, the latter drops overboard tanks of spirit called "torpedoes"

G in EUROPE

Public Notice by the Tragedy of the *Venus*

ats off which the rum-runners anchor, to prevent Finnish smugglers e-runners never come within the three-mile limit and, of course, once y the flag of a non-Prohibition country

STERN WARNING: The police-launches draw a circle of fire round every vessel approaching the rum-runner. On occasion the smugglers return the fire. The rule is "Shoot first and talk afterwards"—but the police seldom shoot to kill—only to scare

FISHERS OF ALCOHOL: The majority of Finnish fishermen are to-day making more money by bootlegging than by their legitimate trade. The anti-Prohibitionists, even if not smugglers, always assist the rum-runners, even to the extent of firing

A TYPICAL POLICE-BOAT on whose upper deck are launches which carry out the stern anti-rum-running chases. The general feeling is that the Prohibitionists are waging a losing fight and most officially teetotal countries (save always America) will soon go "wet"

A STRONGHOLD OF THE RUM-RUNNERS: A hut in the Schären of Helsingfors where one famous bootlegger operates. A semaphore is seen on the rocks whereby members of the rum-running organization communicate with one another

the *Venus* with the British lives has drawn the world to the fact, ed, that rum-running is exclusively limited to and and Norway are tries, although there is ot on foot to reinstate a

uble page we present a revealing the extensive enforce and to violate laws of these countries. that some 10 million alcohol annually are lition to some 3½ million d on doctors' prescrip- which are unnecessary medical point of view). n of drink has far from a large section of the become totally demoral- its respect for the law. n have devoted their to violating the liquor

nd sailing vessels laden drinks of various kinds

They buy the stuff as in a shop and land it.

The Government has created a considerable organization for dealing with this illegal traffic. A number of revenue cutters have been equipped, and these carry aboard a number of high-powered motor launches, which are lowered from time to time. The cutters continually beat the coasts until a "bootlegger" is sighted. Then the boats are lowered and a regular hunt is organised. But the coasts are long and the Baltic is wide, and it is rarely that a capture is recorded.

Shooting occurs often, but seldom with fatal or even effectual results; the police function being largely obstructive rather than penal.

Searches in the houses of suspects are also only rarely successful. The fishermen, who form the bulk of the agents, are extremely ingenious in covering their tracks. They sink the canisters of liquor in the shallows of some obscure creek, joining them together by iron struts to a so-called "torpedo." It taxes the intuition and the patience of the authorities out of all proportion to the results achieved to dredge all possible suitable hiding-places. In addition to the normal supplies from fishermen, additional liquor is smuggled in all manner of ingenious devices — largely by women.

AN ALCOHOL TANK found in a wood near Helsingfors. It is still unknown how it reached its present site

The Penalties of Violating the Prohibition Law: *The remains of a still which exploded on a New Jersey farm, killing two men engaged in working it and landing in a field 100 yards away from its normal place. The farmer's family was thrown out of bed but was uninjured. So powerful is "bootleg hooch"!*

The Reds in Training: *A company of soldiers of the U.S.S.R. army at shooting drill, in preparation, perchance, for the next "incident" on the Russo-Polish frontier. Russia presents to-day the only example of a nation overtly concentrating on military matters as well as things pacific*

Physical Service in Hungary: *Conscription was forbidden to Hungary by the Treaty of Trianon, but a new Act has been brought in legislating for compulsory physical training on Sundays—termed* Levente. *A march past in national costume is seen above*

Choosing Miss Germany: *The great national beauty competition in preparation for the ensuing international contest was held in the Marble Room of the Berlin Zoo. In last week's issue* The Sphere *showed the election of "Miss Paris"—in which the candidates wore evening dress; Miss Germany candidates were judged in bathing suits*

Lady Drummond-Hay writes on The

at

MAKE IT A REAL CHRISTMAS.—"Christmas isn't *like* Christmas this year," I have heard a score of times this last fortnight.

"It doesn't seem that I'm addressing *Christmas cards*," a friend mumbled plaintively. "They might as well be circulars."

Christmas this year catches the nation, and most individuals, in economic crises. The curtain is closing on 1931, a bad business year of financial stress, to rise on 1932 with oppressive income-tax in the front row, personal, national, and Empire problems crowding the wings. Next year's world pantomime threatens to be a pretty dreary show, for all the footlights of optimism being played on the unpromising scene. All the more reason why we should try to make of Christmas a respite, an oasis of fresh courage. We shall need it.

What is Christmas, after all? Of recent years a "holiday" period, with too little thought for the holy-day. Those who could afford it flocked to hotels and restaurants to celebrate the greatest domestic event in history. Or farther afield, to winter sports, the Riviera and other pleasure resorts, safe from the demands of seasonal hospitality, family and social contact. Gay and jolly enough, but not universally satisfying. One missed a lot of bother of preparation and of clearing up where there were children; of organizing family gatherings where there were relations, some distant and many obscure. In missing other things, too, one was cheating the younger generation and weakening a pile in the structure of British family life and tradition. It was then more likely that Christmas cards might have been distributed with the impersonality of circulars—in prosperous days, stationers' bills and postage called for less budgeting.

Gifts are often less personal where shillings and pence need not be counted. The classic Christmas of snow, holly and the Yule log, is a vision of the past, except in toy bazaars. For one thing, there seems to be no more snow in December, and a Yule log is not exactly suited to labour-saving flatlets. But the spirit of Christmas must never be allowed to resist invocation. I do not think there is any danger of that this year, in spite of the oft-repeated gloomy "Christmas isn't like Christmas. . . ." I think it is going to mean a lot more to many people these days than it has for years past. Families must celebrate, no matter how modestly, at home, because they cannot afford to go away. Human nature is on the whole kind, so there will surely be more forgatherings of dispersed relations than last year or the years before. In the shops I have noticed far more care and trouble being taken over the choice of presents, simply because there is less money to spend, and what there is must be laid out to the best advantage. Conversations overheard revealed kindly anxiety to buy gifts really suitable and useful to the recipients "these hard times," instead of the unthoughtful purchase of some attractive rubbish just for the fun of buying it.

In this one way alone, I believe that Christmas is going to be outstandingly personal, thoughtful, and satisfactory. It is certainly not as bright, does not promise the brilliant restaurant galas, hotel house-parties for adults, or lavish home entertainment for children, but that is no hardship. Less money is circulating, expense must be cut down; still there is no tax on kindness, cheerful planning, and charity.

MEMORIALS OF PEACE.—Ten million acres of forest and lakeland as a peace memorial, whose boundaries will overlap Ontario, Canada in the north, and Minnesota, United States of America in the south, joining the two countries in a common tribute to the fallen and veterans of both nations in the Great War. That is the aim of the national bodies of both the American and the Canadian Legions, endorsed at their respective Conventions in 1929.

The vast lakeland, which it is hoped to dedicate, extends from the outlet of Rainy Lake to the mouth of Pigeon River on Lake Superior. It forms a great ellipse, 180 miles long and 120 miles wide, stretching from Lake Vermilion and the Isabella River in the south, almost up to the Canadian Pacific Railway at Dryden, in the north. The international character of the lakes was recognized, as far back as 1842, by the Webster-Ashburton treaty of which a clause provided that these water communications shall be free and open to the use of the citizens of both countries. As an international peace memorial, subscribed and maintained by both Canada and the United States, the forest of rare timber would be preserved and amplified for forest research; reserves for wild animals would be created, and species once indigenous, now absent, restored and cultivated. Sites for summer camps, hotels, pleasure resorts would be left to private enterprise and development. This memorial park, four times the size of Yellowstone Park, is planned to be a haven of peace and relaxation for man and beast, and a "no-man's-land" of common rights for Canadian and American.

In the meantime, the most colossal peace memorial in the world is nearing completion in London. Steel and cement in this case, not forests and lakes, will offer hospitality to British Freemasons. The memorial is the new Masonic headquarters in Great Queen Street, occupying an area of two-and-a-half acres. A large inner temple will accommodate 2,500 people, besides which there are fifteen lodges and various administrative offices. The temple tower is 160 ft. high. Like the peace park of the New World, the Masonic Temple is a constructive element for union and solidity.

SLOGAN TRIUMPHANT.—The hypnotic power of the slogan is amazing. Coué knew, and exploited it years ago. The world has already sampled the far-flung influence of "self-determination of peoples," of a "world made safe for democracy," for instance. The Christmas shopping weeks have hummed to the reverberations of "Buy British." This latest slogan has made a definite dent in the mass-consciousness, one way or the other. In some cases lately I have been urged to purchase foreign goods with the hastily-proffered explanation that they cannot be repeated, or that the price plus new taxes will be so much higher. Other saleswomen, better-primed perhaps, put forward British manufacture as the chief inducement. Mingling with shoppers in the popular stores, I have frequently been surprised by the type of man

"Ave Maria": *A torchlight [illegible] the Virgin set in the carved [illegible] the Danube, at Budapest. [illegible] rock cliffs from which, 1,000 [illegible] Gellert, who had come from [illegible] Hungary, was buried*

WORLD

Large

or woman who most sturdily holds out for British goods. To do them an injustice, first glance would hardly suggest that they were press-educated enough to care one way or the other, or that their convictions were sufficiently strong to sacrifice a precious shilling here and there on the altar of British industry.

National pride is a heartening and revitalizing quality. To my great interest I have been coming across some significant expressions of it amongst shop assistants handling world produce. One example occurred when I was considering one of those exquisite handbags, hitherto the monopoly of Paris or Vienna; the saleswoman was not content professionally to assure me that it was British manufacture, but became humanly enthusiastic over the beauty and finish; practically dismantled a show-case to emphasize the superiority of British craftsmanship, at the same time the equality in elegance and modernity. "It does us good to handle British stuff like this," she told me. "Until now the foreigners had it all their own way in this line."

The head of one of the biggest department stores in London remarked to me the other day, "Here is the most wonderful opportunity in the history of British industry, and you'd be surprised how small a proportion of manufacturers have any idea of how to take full advantage of it. They will need years and experience to learn."

He was explaining to me some of the difficulties of his own buyers, seeking British-made novelties in all lines in place of goods from France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Japan, etc.

"There is a type," he continued, "who lolls back with his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, telling us that if we don't like his goods or his prices we can go without. They know that these heavy new duties on certain materials and articles render them prohibitive from abroad and that we must get them from Britain. But they do seem to overlook their own national competitors."

Citing an example of three hundred houses supplying similar goods, "about fifty are really awake." "And you should see them collecting the orders these days," the store-chief chuckled. "The same situation obtains in most industries. It will be a great satisfaction to store-owners and shopkeepers to aid and watch the success of the obliging, adaptable manufacturer, to witness the discomfiture of the stubborn and unprogressive."

WINE.—Decrease in wine-drinking, more from reasons of economy than prohibition-urge, is alarming the chief wine-growing countries. Republican Spain has just passed a decree ordering drinks to accompany meals in public restaurants. Revenue from sales of wine has been failing off. The Spanish Government hopes by means of this measure to improve matters from their own point of view.

"To drink more wine is the patriotic duty of all citizens of this country" is the slogan which the wine-growers of Jugoslavia are trying to popularize. More than 150,000 hectolitres of last year's Dalmatian wine are still unsold, and can be bought wholesale for less than a halfpenny a pint in order to free the barrels for the new season's vintage.

A "dry" campaign in the French schools last year roused the 1,500,000 French wine-growers to storms of protest. The Ligue Anti-alcoölique had won numbers of schoolmasters to their side and induced them to insert warnings against alcohol in the school text-books. Upon demand of representatives of the French wine-growers, M. Edouard Barthe, Socialist deputy from the wine-growing department of the Hérault, asked for an explanation of such unpatriotic tactics from M. Marraud, then Minister of Education. M. Barthe quoted Pasteur, who said "Wine is the most healthy and hygienic of beverages." M. Jean Hennessy, deputy and former minister, supported him by recalling that Henri IV, "greatest of all the Bourbon sovereign monarchs of France," was given wine in his nursing bottle. Such "treasonable" activity as discouraging wine-drinking by France's coming generations threatened to provoke a serious situation for the government in power at that time.

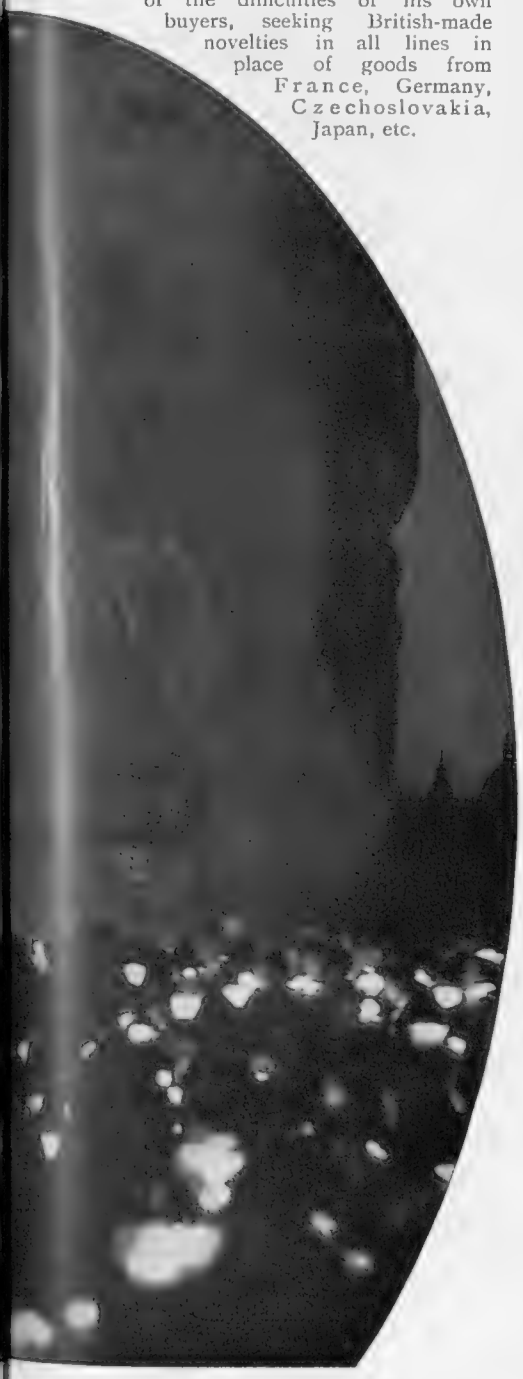
"You may count on me," sternly declared the Minister of Education, "to put a stop to this campaign. I am from a wine country myself. I am about to take steps either to ban the school manuals into which such heretical doctrine has been allowed to creep, or to have the publishers amend them in such a way as to restore to wine-drinking its true character in the eyes of school children. Wine should be one of our national glories."

Mussolini himself, rigid abstainer, devoting his life and energies to the reconstruction and renaissance of one of the most famous wine countries in the world, says that although he is naturally against excess, he is not "unmindful of the blessings which a glass of wine or beer brings to the workman and his family." In 1929, under his orders 8,700 places where alcohol was sold were closed, bringing the total abolished under the Fascist regime to some 41,000. "At the same time," the Duce points out, "the Gospels clearly and unitedly indicate an approval of a reasonable use of wine. We have but to cite the wedding in Cana of Galilee and the Last Supper itself." The teetotaller dictator, unyielding in measures which he considers of benefit to the people, has so far evinced no inclination to experiment with prohibition in Italy. "I cannot foresee any world-wide sweep of prohibition" are his words on the subject.

Wine-growing and alcohol production in Turkey, until recently a prohibition country, is now a State monopoly with a private budget organized to yield the greatest possible profit.

APPELLATION AND INVOCATION.—Seiji Nakamura, paterfamilias living in a Tokio suburb, decided to give a gentle hint to fate by naming his latest girl-baby "O"—zero, because he does not want any more girls. "Me-O," sounding rather like Mary in English, means "Girls! No!" in Japanese. In other words, "No more girls."

The official to whom the disappointed father applied to register the birth and name declined to accept "O," and advised him to choose some more familiar name. But Nakamura had enough of girls, and determined to put a stop to them somehow, he insisted. His application to the court necessitated their calling in Dr. Takashi Hoshina, secretary of the National Language Investigation Committee of the Education Ministry, who is known as the highest authority on the Japanese language. Dr. Hoshina decided that "O" is not a letter in Japanese. Seiji Nakamura is extremely anxious to get this decision revoked by appeal to a higher court before fortune plays him another wry trick.



...ss in celebration of the effigy of ...k of St. Gellert Hill, overlooking ...st above the Cave Shrine in the ..., the first missionary to the Magyars, ...der the protection of St. Stephen of ... his death

Hunger March by Lorry: *A great demonstration wherein a company of unemployed decided to march to Washington, D.C., proved a farce. First they determined to travel by lorry and then finance for the transport was lacking. This was finally provided, and the crowds, seen above waiting for the lorries, left two hours late*

A Negro "Miracle": *Crowds of negroes in Dallas, Texas, have been making pilgrimages to a house on whose window-shade an image of the Crucifixion is cast every afternoon—scientifically ascribed to flaws in the glass, but accepted as a miracle by the blacks*

Ice Skating in Paris *has become the rage and open-air rinks have been inaugurated. The cream of Parisian society is now to be seen in morning or afternoon, not walking in the Bois, nor at a* thé dansant, *but at the Molitor Rink and similar institutions*

Where Haven was Heaven—Unattainable! *A scene at Scheveningen, where the Dutch fishing fleet experienced great difficulty in entering the harbour. The fleet was held up for an entire day by heavy weather, while the fish-wives waited anxiously for the return of their men-folk, recalling Kingsley's famous ballad of* The Three Fishers

WEDDING IN VENICE

One of the greatest society functions in Italy recently was the wedding between Contessa Nicoletta Arrivabene—a member of the great house of Gonzaga, and the Visconte di Modrone, a member of the ducal house of Milan. The ceremony was celebrated in St. Mark's, Venice, and Crown Prince Umberto was one of the witnesses. The Grand Canal was crowded with gondolas filled with top-hatted guests

THE BRIDE: Contessa Nicoletta Arrivabene Valenti Gonzaga, who was married at St. Mark's, Venice, to Visconte di Modrone

BRIDE AND GROOM in procession outside the Doge's Palace. Crown Prince Umberto was one of the witnesses at this notable marriage

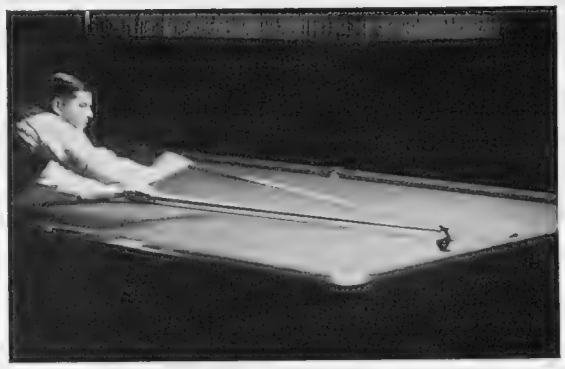
THE GUESTS ARRIVE by gondola. The Grand Canal presented a gala appearance on the occasion of the wedding

BILLIARDS IN LONDON

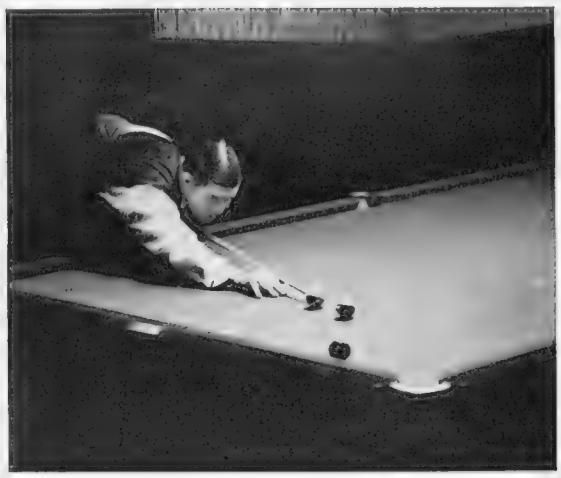
AVOIDING THE REST: Newman leans over the table to make a tricky shot during his match at Thurston's against Lindrum who concedes 5,000 start

NURSERY CANNONS: Newman runs the balls up the table, maintaining position. This facet of the game is extremely profitable

A CLOSE CANNON: Newman indulges in a little top-of-the-table play. He has a big game "on," for the red is well over the pocket



A SCREW-CANNON WITH THE REST: Walter Lindrum, the Australian wizard, in play against Newman at Thurston's Hall



LEFT-HANDED MAGIC: Lindrum, having achieved position, prepares to take advantage of his top-of-the-table skill

Professional billiards always proves a steady attraction in London, and the match of the moment is that between Lindrum, the Australian wizard, and Newman, one of the finest English exponents, who received a start of 5,000 points. On one evening, Newman's break of 969 was followed by Lindrum's 869. A match usually lasts about a fortnight

GERMANY IN NEW YORK

New York, although not so German a city as, say, Milwaukee, has a large Teutonic population. The Yorkville section—a district on the East Side between 2nd and 3rd Avenues on 86th Street—is still a famous German centre. Before Prohibition, the area was as filled with beer-gardens as any German town; to-day, though shorn of its glory—i.e., beer!—the gardens still persist

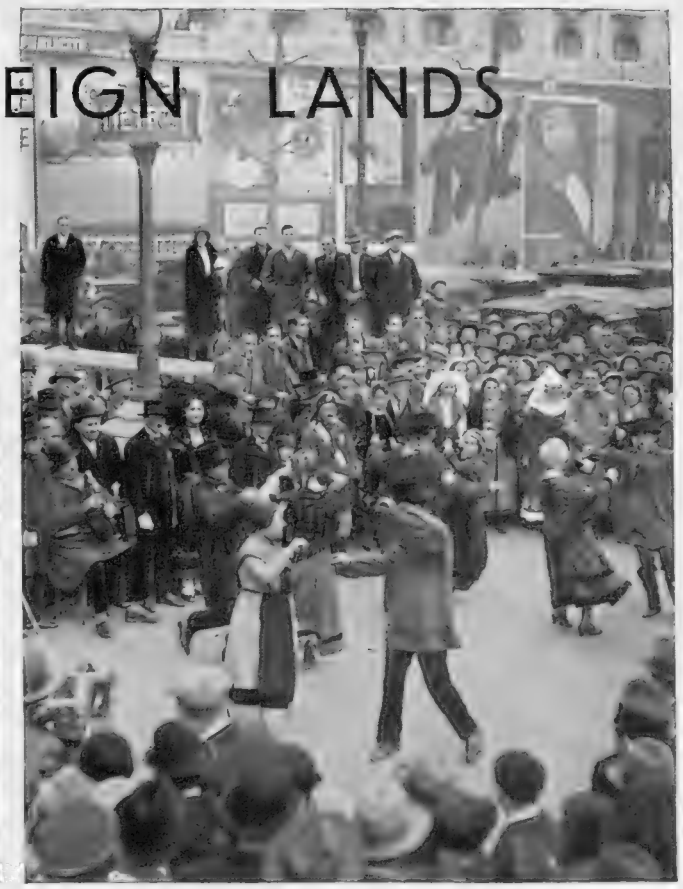
A BEER-GARDEN—but no beer! One of the old beer-gardens in the Yorkville section of New York, a section almost exclusively German

VIENNA IN NEW YORK: The Alt Wien (old Vienna) café, on 86th Street between 2nd and 3rd Avenues—on the East side of New York

THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW: The famous Hof Brau Haus in the Yorkville area of New York, where beer-gardens used to flourish

FROM FOREIGN LANDS

A HUMAN WEATHERVANE: A steeplejack on a spire of Cologne Cathedral which is in grave danger owing to its proximity to the railway station. The smoke clouds and their consequent soot deposit have a deleterious effect on the stones. Despite strenuous efforts, the deterioration has progressed faster than remedial measures and the lofty spires are now considered dangerous



PEASANT DANCES IN THE PARIS STREETS: The war on tuberculosis, like other wars, needs golden sinews, and to stimulate funds, provincial dancers in national dress visited Paris a few days ago. This performance was given in the Boulevard Haussmann

Ewing Galloway

THE DISH-WASHING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: This is one of the sanest of the many freak championships held in the Land of Many Records, and it was held in Oaklands, California. Miss Evelyn Lee was the victor, with the staggering record of washing and drying ten dishes in 39 seconds. Behind the competitors are members of the National Inventors' Congress; the competition was held to stimulate the Congress to invent a dish-washing machine

"THE HEIR OF ALL THE AGES": Master John Casimir Lewenhaupt, the fifteen-year-old Briton, who has been left a three-million-dollar estate in the U.S.A.

"JOLLY BOATING WEATHER—DOWN UNDER": A picture from Rotorua, New Zealand, showing the *poi* in progress. This is the boat song of the Maoris, and is very popular among the younger women. The song is accompanied by a quasi-ritual dance, and is carried out with light balls of dressed and decorated flax. The song is a canoe-paddling chant (analogous to some of our old chantles) in which a row of performers sit on the ground and imitate paddlers or rowers, moving to and fro as they deftly whisk and twist the *poi* balls, one being held in each hand

FRANCE'S WEALTHIEST BABY: Master Henri Bécard, who is distributing toys of all kinds to the value of a thousand pounds among all the children's hospitals and *creches* in Paris

BOOKS—

Mr. Ripley Puzzles: Mr. Joseph Discourages: Mr. Wells is Impracticable

By CECIL ROBERTS

When I was last in the United States my morning newspaper used to contain a bold drawing with the heading, "Believe It or Not!" Under the drawing there was a statement intended to make one sit up. It usually told one something that it was quite impossible to believe, and a kind of detective instinct was aroused by this ingenious artist in the minds of his readers. One instinctively challenged the amazing statement and then found it was true. After a month of these drawings and statements another interest grew up in the reader's mind. How did Mr. Ripley find out all these astonishing facts, and how long could he keep it up? Surely there must be an end to the number of wildly improbable statements that proved to be true? Well, Mr. Ripley has kept it up for several years. He has won a fortune and something like world-wide fame, for he is now startling two continents with his "Believe It or Not" series. Here is the second collection, *Believe It or Not!* (Stanley Paul. 5s.). Do not give this book to any person you wish to get a reply out of for the next five hours. With a somewhat superior air, knowing Mr. Ripley's little trick, I picked up the book at eleven o'clock. It happened that I was in bed, prepared for my usual half-hour's reading, I put out the light at half-past two, unable to leave Mr. Ripley until I had reached the end of the book. And as I closed my eyes I reflected that the human race, as seen by Mr. Ripley, consisted of freaks and its labours of miracles.

For instance, at the end of this book one learns that the annual rent paid for Cologne Cathedral was the aroma of a dish of lentil beans, and at the beginning of this book one learns, to one's infinite disgust and resentment, that the ex-Kaiser, who has burdened the world with misery and debt, and trebled the income-tax of every one of us, is not only worth twenty millions of pounds, but that he pays no income-tax on this sum! The German Government granted him immunity from tax-assessment on his German property, and the Dutch had agreed that, his status being extra-territorial, and his income being derived from foreign sources, he is exempt from Dutch taxes. Moreover, as none of his money is invested in Britain, he has lost nothing by our going off the Gold Standard! He is, therefore, one of the world's richest men and he pays no taxes.

It is statements like these that enable Mr. Ripley to take us by the ear. He has a nice sense of humour, too. His mind is an exceedingly alert one. He opens the book with a letter from Africa, where he was travelling. It is clear that he cannot walk a hundred yards without discovering some astonishing fact. At Marrakeesh he recalls a sultan who had 888 children, and, seeing the Atlas Mountains covered with snow, discovered that "a caravan of twenty people froze to death near the equator in Africa, beneath the blazing tropical sun." He smelt the minaret of the mosque and found that it was fragrant. Seven hundred and fifty years ago a sultan had placed in the mortar 960 bags of musk. Mr. Ripley looked up at the top and found it surmounted with three golden balls glistening in the sun. Inside the balls were jewels and valuables taken from the Christians. Afterwards this wealth was loaned to indigents "on collateral with easy terms." Thus pawnbroking began, thus the sign of the three balls spread across the world.

But I must stop. Mr. Ripley goes on and on. He tells us the man in the moon is upside down in Argentina. I put down his entrancing book feeling that I was upside down in bed. I know of nothing in the world for 5s. so astonishing as this book.

MISS THILDE FORSTER the Viennese author, who wrote *A Woman Commands* in one day, and sold it for Miss Pola Negri's *début* in Talkies

I feel very grateful to Mr. Michael Joseph. I have a complete answer to endless correspondents who have written books and are anxious to get into print. In a little pamphlet, *This Writing Business* (Faber and Faber. 1s.), he tells the literary aspirant all he needs to know, either to discourage him or encourage him. Mr. Joseph states, what I have said a hundred times, that the writing of books or anything else is not a profession but a form of vagrancy; that the world's most successful author, after a lifetime of drudgery, will not make as much as an indifferent stockbroker will make with a week's lucky run on the Stock Exchange, and that a man of equal eminence in commerce, the law, or politics will earn twenty times the sum earned by the author, and earn it with a tenth of the effort.

All this, of course, will stop no one writing. Mr. Joseph divides writers into three categories. Those who must write, and are generally very bad writers, those who write to gratify their vanity, a large number recruited from the industrious rich, and those who write to make money, that is, writers who, having learned their jobs, give the public something worth buying. Most writers of genius have belonged to this last category despite the sniffs of the highbrows, who think it better to owe their rent in Chelsea than to pay it in Kensington.

The author of a famous book invariably sells his next book unseen, for serial publication at a high figure. Invariably it is rubbish. The editor knows it is, the reader knows it is, but neither has been able to resist the glamour of the author's name. And what is the actuarial basis of novel writing? Mr. Joseph, who has every reason to know, as the leading figure in the largest literary agency, tells us that the average earnings of a novel for the author are £25. Four thousand novels a year are published. These represent at most a tenth of those written! On a calculation of the time taken to write a novel, Mr. Joseph finds that the rate of remuneration works out at about a shilling an hour—"a monetary return slightly better than the standard rate of pay for charwomen. And no free cup of tea, either."

From this depressing statement Mr. Joseph proceeds in more cheerful tone. He points out that as a form of gambling the rewards of the lucky winners are tremendous. Some critic in a hurry will say something extravagant about a book. The publisher will seize on this, exploit the sentence in the acreage of the Sunday press—which may be one sentence detached from its meaning in a paragraph of damnation—and the minor critics will all shout in chorus. The snowball game then begins. Miss Snip is asked to give her views on marriage, or divorce, or the Gold Standard in a newspayer with the largest circulation and the lowest level of intelligence. Then editors want a serial from her, and Hollywood buys the film.

This happens, rarely, of course, but it does happen. After this Miss Snip can float for another fifteen years of bad writing. I know of nothing that lives so long as a single success in the writing world

There are some successful authors who can write, of course, but as Mr. Joseph states, and I can endorse it, that is not the reason of their success. What Mr. Joseph does not say in his most entertaining and frank book is what he knows, Hollywood knows, and the publisher knows—that nothing succeeds like sex. If you doubt this statement examine *The Constant Nymph* (beyond its title!), *Grand Hotel*, and *Jew Süss*. These are the outstanding successes of the last ten years; deduction, seduction, success. Sad, perhaps, but it is so. The first story of the first family had the same theme.

Mr. H. G. Wells is incorrigible. He still hopes to make the world sane by logic. Here he comes again with a new scheme for saving us from our folly, *What Are We To Do With Our Lives?* (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.). In this small but readable book he sets forth his plans for an open conspiracy, as he calls it. It consists of a personal revolt against nationalism in all forms. We are to regard governments as temporary instruments, we are to minimise their militant programmes by refusing to fight, to replace private ownership, to realize the necessity of biological controls of population and diseases, to support a minimum standard of individual freedom, etc.

It is all very nice, very desirable, but I cannot, for all his argument, see the slightest chance of his dream coming true. We must refuse to fight when war comes on again, says Mr. Wells, and then he destroys his whole case by adding, "or at most only after the issue has been fully and fairly submitted to arbitration." And what then? one is tempted to ask. This book is terribly wordy. It reminds one of those arguments that went on so fast and furious beyond midnight when we were very young. When will Mr. Wells learn that man is not a logical animal? If we had a thousand Wells, an appeal to reason might succeed. Feeling that all the time that Mr. Wells is right in what he hopes, I am certain he is wrong in what will result.

The book is as courageous as he is.

LADIES OF THE CHORUS in *Hold My Hand*, the new musical comedy at the Gaiety. The dresses recall the Gaiety of George Edwardes' day

COMEDY is provided by Mr. Stanley Lupino and Miss Connie Emerald

MISS DORIS ROGERS, who plays Miss Marjery Wyn's mother

Pictures by Sasha

THE CHARMS OF VICTORIANISM are displayed to full advantage in the production at the Gaiety, which recalls the Edwardian triumphs

"HOLD MY

The new musical play at the Gaiety bids fair to recreate the George Edwardes tradition of magnificence

MISS MARJERY WYN in a brilliantly grouped *tableau*. The dresses have an opulence of line and material not seen for many years on the stage

MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS in two of the costumes she wears in her latest vehicle, which, after an extensive "try-out" in the North is now at the Gaiety

Pictures by Sasha

MR. STANLEY LUPINO in an amusing episode in his new role. Mr. Lupino seems as great a fixture at the Gaiety as Messrs. Lynn and Walls are at the Aldwych

HAND"

of Edwardian days. It has already run triumphantly in the provinces.

—PLAYS

A Review of the Theatrical Year: "Can the Leopard" at the Haymarket Theatre

By PHILIP PAGE

MR. GEORGE ROBEY affects an Hellenic coiffure in the role of Menelaus, in *Helen*, the operetta now rehearsing at the St. James's Theatre for production in January at the Adelphi

Recently I saw on the outside of a theatre where a film was the attraction the legend, in letters several feet high, "Second Gigantic and Smashing Week." The week was the normal one of seven days; the adjective, "smashing," defeated me completely, unless the meaning was that so dire was the loss that the management were rushing headlong towards financial smash.

When one puts aside the assumption of judicial ignorance, the thing becomes even more astounding. I do not propose at the season of Peace and Goodwill to revive the old films v. theatres antagonism. Such antagonism need not exist at all. There is room for both, and different though the technique is for each, each may learn something from the other. Yet where is the hold on the public of any individual film when a run of less than a fortnight is thus proclaimed as a singular feat? Many films, of course, run more than a fortnight; some run a month, and the fact is trumpeted to the world, via hoardings and the advertisement columns, as veritably epoch-making.

What, then, would a film do in the way of announcement if it ran as long as even a moderately successful play? Conversely, what play would think of preening itself on having attained a second week, gigantic or otherwise?

What 1931 has been noted for—since this is the accepted moment for recapitulation—has been a large crop of plays which, whatever their merits, have proved sufficiently to the liking of the public to run a considerable time. Except in a few instances, I have heard week by week that such plays are losing money and are continuing to lose money. This I do not believe.

"HOLD MY HAND"

Lady Milchester	Doris Rogers
Helen Milchester	Marjery Wyn
Robert Crane	Harry Milton
Pop Curry	Sonnie Hale
Jane Howard	Connie Emerald
Eddy Marston	Stanley Lupino
Lord Milchester	Frank Hector
Paula Bond	Jessie Matthews
George H. Drury	Ronald Chuter

It has been a year for the producer. London's longest run, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, being of 1930 vintage, one is forced to realize that the outstanding successes of 1931 have depended on their producers rather than on their authors. Indeed, I would find it hard to name the authors of *White Horse Inn* and *Waltzes from Vienna*. Even *Cavalcade* is a success for Mr. Noel Coward as producer rather than as author—an opinion on which I ventured when I reviewed that play in these columns, and it has since been strengthened by reading it in serial form. *Cavalcade* is a triumph of careful producing, of mass effect, and of the creation of atmospheric suggestion, coupled with the enormous luck of being produced at what it is the fashion to call "the psychological moment." As a play it is poor. That does not matter much, particularly not to the author who can write a good play whenever he wants to, and is probably at work on one now.

Spectacular, too, are *The Good Companions* and *Grand Hotel*, both adaptations from novels, the former a successful one, the latter rather less successful. There have been no monster revues. Indeed, revue is a form of entertainment temporarily out of favour, since for some time the only revue running in London was *Folly to be Wise* and that was a revival. *Stand up and Sing* was a large-size musical comedy which made money owing, very largely, to the personal charm of Mr. Jack Buchanan. The revivals of old musical plays at Daly's have proved fairly popular, though the standard of performance, except in the case of Mr. Raymond Newell as Monsieur Beaucaire and Mr. George Graves in *Florodora*, has been by no means on the old Daly's level.

Our "great" dramatists have been silent this year. The theatre has had nothing from Mr. Bernard Shaw, nothing from Sir James Barrie, nothing from Sir Arthur Pinero, nothing from Mr. John Galsworthy, nothing from Mr. Frederick Lonsdale. *The Painted Veil* is good enough, but not good enough for Somerset Maugham; it is a pity he did not dramatize it himself. Mr. John van Druten has, on the other hand, added to his reputation as a rising young dramatist with *London Wall* and *There's Always Juliet*, which more than atoned for the failure of *Hollywood Holiday*, of which he was part-author with Mr. Benn Levy. Mr. Ronald Jeans, emerging from the making of revue sketches showed himself a playwright of quality with *Lean Harvest*. *Payment Deferred* was melodramatical effect, as is *The Case of the Frightened Lady*, in which Mr. Edgar Wallace kept up to form. *Counsel's Opinion* is good farcical comedy, *It's a Boy* was uncommonly good farce, and *Turkey Time*, though far from being the best of the Aldwych series, has secured a good innings. *Elizabeth of England* I did not care for; a magnificent subject has been treated in very Teutonic and sesquipedalian fashion. But it continues to attract audiences, and has some novel and interesting points of production. *Little Catherine* was frankly a failure. The play did not transplant, but the chief faults were unwise casting and some downright bad acting, though not, of course, on the part of Miss Marie Tempest. I see no point in chronicling a series of quite unimportant failures.

Autumn Crocus is a pretty piece of sentimentality which has caught the public fancy, and *The Improper Duchess* was quite a delightful play. The Shaftesbury has continued to cater profitably for nice clean people who like nice clean fun, and *The Midshipmaid* shows that the Navy can still be used as a medium for farce, whatever its other activities may have been in 1931. Two outstanding plays have come from America—*Late Night Final*, sordid melodrama about a newspaper office, and *The Queen's Husband*, a new and witty Ruritanian effort, *The Anatomist* has shown us some splendid acting by Mr. Henry Ainley and Miss Flora Robson.

Slitheringly modern is Miss Gertrude Lawrence—slim, elegant, swift in her movements and with the tone in her voice which connotes the very latest cocktail party and the tiniest and most expensive hat. And for Miss Lawrence, who is a big "star" these days, managers must suitably cater. Her success in *Private Lives*, in which she and her stage husband fought like an ultra-modern cat and an ultra-modern dog, gave her an opportunity for *bravura* playing after the fashion of Noel Coward. What Mr. Coward can do, Mr. Jeans can do—perhaps. Those who see *Can the Leopard . . .?* at the Haymarket Theatre may find themselves asking, as I do, "Can Ronald Jeans . . .?" Miss Lawrence was there, ready to oblige, and Mr. Ian Hunter was there ready to be quarrelled with. So far, so good. But the play is not light enough to be regarded, as was *Private Lives*, as a piece of brilliant nonsense; and it was not serious enough to be a comedy of manners (damned bad manners, too), with an insight into the way to treat a wife whom one has found in an untidy flat in Chelsea.

Although not so light in manner as it might have been, *Can the Leopard . . .?* is slight in material. It is a variation on the theme of a woman who leaves everything about, married to a man who is precision itself. Mrs. Bellfry doesn't pay bills, throws everything on the floor, forgets to order dinner when an important client of her husband has been invited, sets the flat on fire through carelessness with electric curling tongs, and plays with fire in another sense by being annoyed with an amorous bachelor when he kisses her, and being still more annoyed with him when he refuses to kiss her.

Mr. Bellfry, on the other hand, was not in the least a prig, nor did he lack humour.

In short, Mrs. Bellfry was a detestable little baggage. That is a flaw, I think, in Mr. Jeans's construction. He switches all the sympathy away from her, and, charm Miss Lawrence never so wisely, she cannot switch it back again. Rather, indeed, does she enhance the unpleasantness of the character, not because she is herself unpleasant but because her Mrs. Bellfry is so obviously brainy in a shrewd and cat-like way. It is impossible to believe that she could not have run Buckingham Palace efficiently had she wanted to. That she made a mess of things in a small flat was due to laziness and selfishness. However, Miss Lawrence had many difficult things to do (one of which was to be a blonde and a brunette simultaneously), and she did most of them well.

Mr. Ian Hunter played the husband in a dignified and forbearing spirit, and a clever sketch of a cad was given by Mr. Kim Peacock. Miss Kay Hammond, having found an easy and effective line in pouting prettily, must take care not to overdo it; she must not waste herself in a groove, though she probably will, and I foresee a series of "Kay Hammond parts." The play is dotted with some amusing lines and many "darlings."

SOLVING LONDON'S TRANSPORT PROBLEM

The Latest Bridges, Viaducts, and Other New Construction Work Now in Progress to Ease the Acute Metropolitan Traffic Situation

THE NEW BRIDGE AT HAMPTON COURT: This vital transport link, which is replacing a bridge incapable of dealing with the present great bulk of cross-river traffic, is progressing apace. The spans, as seen from the picture above, are already springing across the river

DIVERTING A STREAM FOR A RAILWAY: Work in progress on the Metropolitan Railway extension from Wembley to Stanmore. The River Weald is being diverted through a concrete bed to make way for this extension

CONSTRUCTION WORK AT SOUTHGATE STATION: To make way for the proposed North Circular Road, work is in progress on the L.N.E.R. A temporary bridge has been erected

ENLARGEMENTS AT PUTNEY: Cross-river traffic is so heavy (especially on Boat Race Day and during Wimbledon Fortnight!) that Putney Bridge is being considerably widened

THE NEW LAMBETH BRIDGE: A view from Thames House looking down on the old and the new Lambeth bridges. Lambeth Palace is seen in the left background. It is anticipated that the new bridge will be ready early in the New Year

LONDON'S LATEST VIADUCT: This runs from Arnos Park Station to Waterfall Lane, and is now under construction in connection with the Piccadilly Tube extension to Southgate. Some of the massive brick supports, 50 ft. high, are seen above. The viaduct will be 800 ft. long

LONDON CHANGING

SAFETY FIRST: The famous poplar avenue of Harold Wood is being trimmed from 90 ft. to 30 ft. high owing to the danger of dead wood. The avenue is nearly a mile long

THE YULE LOG: The timber in the forecourt of Lansdowne House has been felled to make a car park, an unusual scene in London

TOY TRAINS seem to run into London Bridge station when one looks down from the top of Southwark Cathedral. This quasi-aerial view includes a vivid impression of the Tower Bridge—"the watch-dog of London" whose jaws guard the Thames

PERCHED PRECARIOUS: Workmen engaged in demolishing the old Prudential building opposite Staple Inn in Holborn. Great reconstruction is in progress, for the Prudential has found it necessary to enlarge its premises

REMOVING THE KEYSTONE: An unusual picture of demolition work. It was taken in Holborn, where the Prudential building is being entirely reconstructed

One of the finest gateways in all Holland is that to Amersfoort. It is built of brick with stone quoins. The water gate is in the centre, while the road gate is on the left

A "miracle built in stone" is the brilliant description of the carillon tower of Amersfoort, surmounted by a crown

The canals enter many Dutch towns, and water gates were built to guard the entry so formed. This is the water gate at Amersfoort

The town side of Amersfoort's water gate has an overhanging gallery to allow of rapid movement to the armed sentinels who guarded the gateway in ancient days

A narrow but busy entrance to Amersfoort, which possesses the finest water gate in all Holland

WATER-GATES OF HOLLAND

Comparatively little known to the general tourist is the historic town of Amersfoort, although at the same time it happens to be a very important railway junction. It lies due south of the Zuider Zee and some fifteen miles from Utrecht. One of its chief glories at the present time is its magnificent Water Gate, which forms part of the old walls which in former times completely surrounded the town. Both from the inside and the outside this Gateway is particularly picturesque. On its inner side it has an overhanging gallery which in former days facilitated the defence of the Gateway. The Water Gate allows vessels to pass into the inner series of waterways inside the town walls. The main internal waterway is circular in form so that one can perambulate the whole of the town and regain one's original position by keeping alongside this attractive waterway. One of the most beautiful belfrys in the whole of Holland is reflected in part of these still waters; another waterway flows past the garden of the Oldenbarneveldt house.

BURMA — A LOVELY LAND of the EAST

A Vivid Description of the Many Attractions this Country of the Ultimate Orient Offers to the Visitor

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Burma is as yet a comparatively little known holiday ground for British tourists, and yet it has much to recommend it. It possesses the freshness of the unhackneyed, the allurement of the East, a charmingly picturesque and interesting people, beautiful scenery, and wonderful temples and ancient survivals. Delightful tours can nowadays be made by road, and by steamer up the rivers which have scenery utterly different from that of India, Burma's near neighbour.

There are several lines of steamers which include Burma in their "round"; but the Bibby Line is the principal and direct route to this land of sunshine and intriguing experiences, with sailings from Liverpool and Marseilles.

Burma is still divided into Lower or British Burma, and Upper or Independent Burma. At the time we write a Conference is being held at St. James's Palace for the purpose of drawing up a Constitution for the Government of Burma as a separate entity within the Empire.

The rivers, of which there are several important ones, all flow from North to South and have had much to do with the opening up of the country, and nowadays with providing travelling facilities for tourists. The Salween though the longest is not navigable in a trade sense, but possesses most magnificent scenery.

The charm of Burma and of its inhabitants, wonderful temples and other historical monuments, is only realized by those who have visited it, and who have seen something of the country beyond that seen by those who content themselves with landing at Rangoon, the capital of British Burma on the Gulf of Mataban, and paying a hurried visit to Mandalay the capital of independent Burma. As one's steamer runs down the coast one finds it both rocky and picturesque, except along the delta of the Irawadi to which one comes after rounding Cape Negrais. The estuaries of the river are fringed with mangrove swamps, but generally the coast has great cliffs with in many places the forest right down to the shore. The islands of the Mergui Archipelago, which are, however, as yet little visited by tourists, are noted for their exquisite scenery.

The climate of Burma, in the months which are comprised in Winter and early Spring in England, and what is known as the cold season November to February, is very pleasant, and one may safely extend a visit into the first week or two of March, after which the temperature is rather too high to suit most Europeans, especially travellers who will want to be moving about.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

Ewing Galloway

IN THE RELIGIOUS CAPITAL OF BURMA: Two images in the great temple of Pagan

ERE OF TRAVEL

The Shan Plateau at an altitude of some 4,000 ft. has a delightful climate with a temperature which rarely exceeds 80 degrees at any portion of the year, and a rainfall in the wet season of less than a fifth of that of some parts of Burma. Here fruit and poultry farming, market gardening and other similar pursuits have been successfully started by Europeans, and several sanatoria and hotels have been built in this region which approximates to the Hill stations of India, Simla, and elsewhere, to which the European women go in the hot season.

Rangoon, the chief port and capital, lies along the left bank of the river of the same name, and as one approaches it strikes the traveller with its picturesqueness. It is enclosed on three sides by water owing to the bend in the river, and a large creek that is situated where the Pegu and the main stream join. The principal wharves and quays line the banks and behind them runs the Strand (familiar name this) in which are the chief public buildings and business premises. Some of the former are handsome, and the large, square-looking and gleaming white Post Office at once strikes one.

The city has of late years been transformed by a wise and progressive municipality, and has grown from an unimportant fishing village to a busy seaport, ranking next to Calcutta and Bombay. The main city has been laid out on quite modern lines and upon the block system, with wide boulevard-like streets and busy thoroughfares, and the north-west suburb of Kemmendine and south-eastern one of Pazundaung are linked up with Rangoon by electric tramways as is also the far-famed Shwe Dagon Pagoda, which is one of the sights of the city.

To reach the latter, one has to climb up many steps to the platform uponwhich it stands. The platform is no less than 685 ft. in width, and 900 ft. in length, while the pagoda itself, with its bell-shaped roof, rises nearly 400 ft. in the air. It is one of the sights of the world; the lower portions are encased in plates of pure gold and the remainder covered with gold leaf, so that the whole, seen in the sunshine, forms a dazzling sight. The base is surrounded by an enormous number of shrines ornamented with coloured glass, inlays of various woods, and compared with the wonderful effect of the great golden dome in their midst are disappointing and even tawdry.

At night, this shrine is lit up by naphtha flares and electric lamps and, often crowded with pilgrims, this place of Buddhistic holiness is an amazing and even weird sight.

Seen from across the Royal Lake is familiarly named Dalhousie Park, which has beautiful woods and grounds, in the north of Rangoon, it looks a shining and glittering gem. In all the shrines of this magnificent pagoda one finds numberless images of Buddha. Pilgrims crowd these shrines bearing offerings, and beat the numerous bells that hang on every hand.

These bells are many of them hung on bars between two wooden posts, the tops of which are carved, and the bells themselves, of somewhat unusual shape to European eyes, have elaborately wrought heads with figures of animals, etc., by which they swing from the bars to which they are fastened. The most revered of these bells is hung in one of the many pagodas at Pagan in the temple dedicated to Ananda, the "beloved disciple" of Buddha.

Probably no more amazingly beautiful and elaborate wood-carving exists than the so-called curtains of the chief shrine of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, which, although of teak, has the appearance and delicacy of the finest lace.

Although the Irawadi, which traverses Burma from north to south and is navigable for upwards of 800 miles, is the chief means of transport and principal artery of the industrial life of the country, there are some 2,000 miles of railways linking Moulmein, nearly opposite to Rangoon on the coast, and Tavoy farther down in Tenasserim and Rangoon, with Mandalay and other places, and these are being added to.

It is near Moulmein that one finds the wonderful caves in the limestone crags which jut out from the mountains, which are reached by a road through the jungle of palms and other forest trees, generally in ox-drawn, canopied native carts. These caves are vast natural halls in which are platforms once—one is told—crowded with figures of Buddha, and there are still a number of sitting figures, two especially of enormous size, to which one always finds numbers of Burmese women praying, sitting on mats with their legs bent back under them.

Everyone has heard of Burmese rubies and, indeed, many travellers who have penetrated to the villages have purchased fine ones from the natives at very low prices. The ruby mines are chiefly at Mogok between Mandalay and Bhamo, about forty-five miles from the Irawadi and connected with it by a motor road. Of course, too, Burma is famous for its jade and amber, both of which can be bought up country at prices temptingly low. Romantic as gems always sound, we are forced to remark that the chief export of Burma is not rubies but prosaic rice!

The best and most interesting way in which to reach Mandalay is by the Irawadi. It is a city of tragic memories associated in the past with the cruelties of King Thebaw, human sacrifices, and mystery. On the way one passes many villages which, if on closer inspection they prove to be somewhat insanitary, are at a distance invariably intriguing and picturesque.

Mandalay, with its 160,000 inhabitants, contains many interesting survivals. Unlike Rangoon, which is almost to-day entirely modern, Mandalay, though itself not much more than a century old, has much of picturesqueness, and here one finds the native life at its best. And as it is the great commercial centre of inland Burma it is the home of some of the most wealthy people, and those of the mercantile houses.

In 1892 a great fire destroyed the greater part of the city, which was rebuilt, and there are some good commercial buildings and hotels. From the higher ground outside the city one has an excellent and striking view, with the Kutodaw and its hundreds of pagodas forming a vast white square of buildings.

The Burmese are a delightful though unpractical people, who have in the past relied greatly upon European influence to run and develop the resources of their country. There have, of course, been marked changes in this respect of recent times, and the Conference now being held in London is an evidence of this. Nearly all the domestic and petty trade of the country is carried on by women, who of recent times have become better educated. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to find many cases of girls of extreme youthfulness in charge of market stalls, or small shops, serving numerous customers, involving many kinds of goods, who apparently remember the price of every article, and carry all the accounts in their heads.

The dress of the women is especially bright and picturesque and adds greatly to the interest of the scene; and the wonderfully beautiful and rich dresses of the Burmese dancing-girls are world-famed.

Burma leaves on the mind an impression of colour, of strange architecture, lovely river scenery, quaint villages scattered here and there, a charming people, and amazingly interesting temples and other survivals—an impression that is not easily effaced when it has been left far behind on the voyage home.

THE RIVERS OF BURMA are one of the greatest glories of that attractive country. This picture shows the Paotung Ferry on the Mali Hka in the Kanchin Triangle area. Some of the gorges and ravines of Burma are melodramatic in atmosphere, while the Irawadi in the plains is some ten miles wide

THE LAND OF THE DRAGOMAN

The Concluding Article of a Short Series Dealing with Life on Board and Ports of Call Encountered on an Ocean Cruise

Our approach to Egypt exploded another illusion. It concerned the Red Sea. We had not quite expected to see an expanse of blood-coloured water, but we had figured on a narrow channel with a bank visible on either side and some glimpses of the desert and, perhaps, a dervish or two. As it was, we saw no land whatever until we pulled into Port Tewfik, which is the disembarkation point for Cairo. The steamer lay far away from the town, and the only natives we beheld were Arabs in fezzes who came off in feluccas to sell drums of Turkish delight.

As soon as we were under way again we entered the jaws of Suez. Unlike Panama, this is the kind of canal one imagines it to be. The desert banks are regular, although the stone reinforcements are crumbling in places. There are no locks, but there is a lake about half-way through where we anchored for the night.

Like all seaports Alexandria has a cosmopolitan population. Driving from the jetty to the Majestic Palace Hotel we saw over shops names of twenty different nationalities. Egyptians, Arabs, and Greeks predominate, but the atmosphere of the town is distinctly French.

The women are veiled. It is odd that, though they cover their faces, they are not at all ashamed to show their ankles and even inches of bare leg.

Many a European railway lacks the comfort of the Egyptian State Lines. We spent the three hours on the Cairo express in the luncheon car, and we could have found no more luxury in the Flying Scotsman.

The journey was not striking. Except for the Nile, Upper Egypt is by no means scenic. Still, we had an opportunity to study what irrigation has done for this dry, sandy country. For the greater part of the trip the train ran through tracts of the flattest land imaginable.

At Cairo we made tracks at once for Shepheard's. There were many things we wanted to do in this city of cities, and the first was to sit awhile on the famous terrace—the scene of a thousand dramas in film, fiction, and reality.

The dragoman problem is even worse in Cairo than in Alex. All along the Shari Kamel, from Shepheard's to the Opera Square, they buzz around like mosquitoes.

NOON IN THE DESERT: A typically Egyptian composition with the Pyramids of Gizeh dominating the scene as they dominate all thoughts of Egypt

We made a tour of the Egyptian theatres, where revues very different from those of Europe were in progress, and finished up at the Pelote Basque Stadium, which was the sight of the evening. It is a game of squash rackets on a much larger scale, and very thrilling to watch. The onlookers bet heavily, and since the players mostly arrange among themselves whose turn it is to win the next match, the outsider loses his wagers in the long run.

After breakfast the next morning we met our dragoman (who was not such a rascal as his ilk are reputed to be) and took a tram to Gizeh to see the principal thing that draws everyone to Cairo—the Pyramids. As we crossed the Nile, our guide pointed out the exact spot where Moses was found in the bulrushes!

We transferred to camel-back at the tram terminus. Our dragoman took a donkey, and I do not blame him. All the world knows that the camel is not the most comfortable of steeds, and I do not think anyone could have chosen a worse beast than I did. He shied and dodged away from every other of his kind, groaned and snivelled whenever he was given orders, and altogether proved himself to be a most poor-spirited animal. Very soon we were out of sight behind the largest of the three pyramids, and although the road was not a mile away we seemed to be in the heart of the desert. My camel nibbled at each morsel of grass he saw sprouting through the sand, and every time he lowered his neck I narrowly escaped nose-diving over his head.

We climbed the corner of the smallest pyramid, which is a feat few are foolish enough to attempt. Every stone measures some 60 cubic feet, the sun beat on our backs as we clambered from ledge to ledge, and very soon we wished we had never started.

There was a crowd of people round the Sphinx—photographers, artists, and the usual American tourists in their plus-fours, which rather spoilt the spectacle. I shall never forget looking for the first time on that mysterious face with its staring eyes, its shattered nose and smiling mouth.

When we walked back to the Mena House Hotel for lunch we felt as if we had been in another world.

The LIGHTER SIDE of LIFE

THROUGH A MOTOR WINDOW: Londoners and visitors to London alike pause in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner to catch a glimpse of the Princess Elizabeth at play in her garden. This picture was taken from the window of a passing motor

A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL: The full company in the production of *Dick Whittington* at the Garrick Theatre assembles round the piano in mufti for a rehearsal of the musical numbers contained in the show

WOMEN INVADE YET ANOTHER PROFESSION: Carpentry is the latest course for girls to take up at school, and Willesden Council offer the school children the opportunity to learn to be handy women about the house, as is shown by this picture, taken at the Chamberlayne Road Schools

"COME ON, THE LOT! OF YOU!" A canine pedestrian, having its doggy dignity affronted by the bumptious expressions of the toy dogs and mechanical mice, pauses to issue a challenge

BUY EARLY—BUY BRITISH—BUT ABOVE ALL BUY! Two small Christmas shoppers follow advice and, unable themselves to carry all their purchases, requisition the assistance of one commissionaire while his fellow opens the door of their motor

CHELSEA ARTS: A feature of this ball, to be held on New Year's Eve at the Albert Hall, will be a *tableau vivant* representing "The Triumph of Grace and Beauty over Machinery"—performed by the Royal Academy Schools

The ART of the POTTER COMES to LIFE

At a Recent Ball Held in London at Claridge's

THE DOULTON TABLE: A piece of exquisite table-decoration which attracted a great deal of attention at the British Porcelain Ball held at Claridge's. This was one of the most successful of recent charity events and was attended by an eminent gathering

THE HON. SHEILA BERRY in a Stuart hunting costume. Miss Berry represented a Copeland figure

MISS LUCY RUBY in a dress of the Restoration. She impersonated a Crown Derby piece

MISS LOUISE FERMOR-HESKETH, who formed a figure in a medieval group representing Minton

MISS JOY LYON as "Patricia," a Doulton figure, at the recent British Porcelain Ball held at Claridge's in aid of the National Birthday Trust Fund

MISS MARGARET VESEY in an Elizabethan hunting costume. The ruff in this Copeland design is *décolleté* to admit of freedom of movement

LADY JANE TALBOT carrying a plaque in Japanese ware. Lady Jane carried out a scheme of the famous potter, Josiah Wedgwood

Pictures by Sasha

LADY CAROLINE PAGET in the character of a Doulton figure entitled "Lavender." The horned medieval head-dress is fourteenth century

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

MOBILE POLICE.—No excuse is necessary to preface some further remarks regarding the mobile police. I suppose governments and similar institutions must, of necessity, always miss the golden opportunity. When it was decided to place the man in blue on a motor-car or motor-cycle the possibilities of such a step were too wonderful for words, but officialdom with its complete absence of imagination has merely added to its liabilities instead of boosting up their assets.

I would not go so far as to say that the opportunity has slipped by for ever, but even now I doubt whether the controllers of the police forces in the country understand what a wonderful weapon they have in the mobile police for reducing road accidents to a minimum.

During the course of my travels I have never yet seen a mobile policeman apprehending a motorist who had broken the canons of safe driving on the road. Like all other motorists I have seen hundreds of the minions of the law seated on motor-cycles or in cars, but they always appear to be doing of the following duties: sitting in their cars beside a police box; standing at the side of the road with their motor-cycles, gathered round in groups of ten or twenty beside a derelict lorry or car which had obviously had an accident some hours previously; taking the name and address of some motorist who had left his car outside a shop; and, although I have not seen them, I understand that they chase motor-bandits and other fast-moving law-breakers, but if I were a backer I would rather put my money on the pursued rather than the pursuers.

I do wish the police authorities would remember that an important part of the funds required to purchase and maintain their motor vehicles came and comes out of the motorist's pocket, and it has been contributed for the express purpose of equipping the police in the best manner for the one purpose of making the highways of this country safer for all users. We do not contribute, as motorists, anything to the police fund to assist them in chasing criminals who use a motor-car in the ordinary course of their business.

At the same time I do not think that any of us would complain if a mobile policeman tore after a gunman in a motor-car; in fact we should, if we were close by, join the chase ourselves. As a motorist, however, I strongly object to the mobile policeman hanging about the sides of the road looking for obscured number-plates, tail-lamps that don't light, or for some other unimportant breach of the law, when this same policeman should be travelling along looking for the idiot who nearly causes a crash by overtaking at the wrong moment or who parks his car in a place dangerous for other road users.

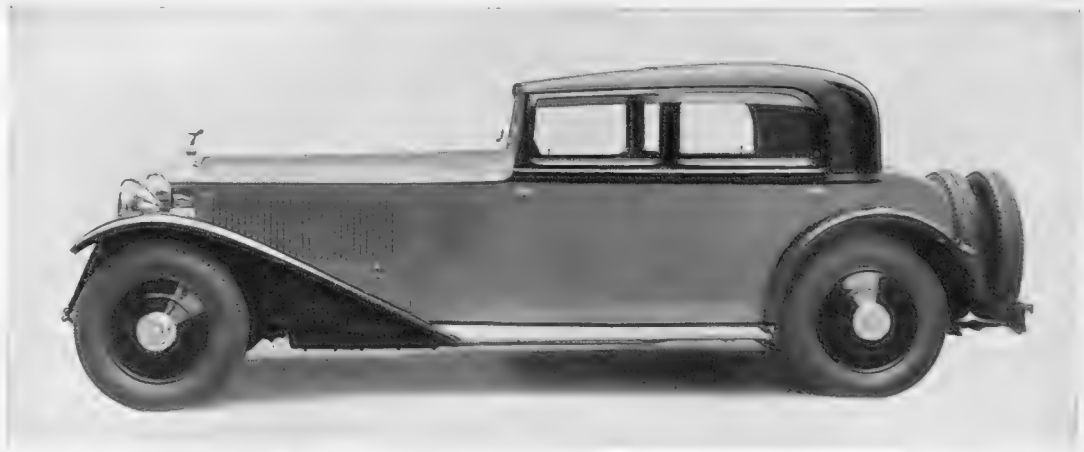
There is plenty of good, useful work for these mobile police and, with a little experience, they would, I am sure, become experts in their jobs. To start with, those in authority could lay down that a mobile policeman should never undertake any duty which his ordinary walking confrère can carry out.

A MOTORING CHRISTMAS.—By the time these notes appear everyone of us will be rushing round panic-stricken undertaking that hopeless task of finding a suitable Christmas present for a relation or friend. The choice of presents is to most of us a nerve-racking job at its best, but when it has to be done at the last moment when every shop and store is packed to the roof with humanity, the unpleasant task becomes almost impossible.

Some of my readers may be placed in this position to-day, and I will, therefore, make a suggestion which may perhaps give them a welcome idea. There are a hundred and one gadgets or accessories, call them what you will, which the owner of a motor-car would appreciate. Why not, therefore, give a present bought from a motor dealer? Besides the gift being acceptable, the range available is such that something can be found to suit pockets of any size.

At the same time there are certain motor accessories which must be purchased with discrimination if, when presented as a gift, they are to be of real use. For instance, it is waste of time and money to present a mascot to the individual who owns a car fitted with a radiator thermometer on the filler cap. Again, do not send a set of plugs to someone who has a car in the engine of which they will not work.

Speaking personally, I find the individual who owns a car a much easier person to deal with at Christmas time than one who is a non-motorist.



A BRILLIANT COMBINATION: Rolls-Royce chassis and Barker body is a union justly famous in the motoring world. An excellent example is seen in the Barker Sunshine-Roof Saloon Limousine on a 40–50 h.p. Phantom II Continental type chassis shown above

A CARELESS INSPECTION.—My own car being unavailable for use the other day as it was having a real, good wash, I took out one of our small popular baby cars to keep a lunch appointment about ten miles away. Much to my disgust on the return journey I found that the nearside back tyre was punctured, and so the spare had to be put on. The latter is carried at the back of the car, and is surrounded close to its lower extremity by a metal strip to which is fixed the number-plate and rear-lamp.

In the earlier models one was compelled to remove the number-plate and lamp before the spare wheel could be taken off its bracket, but on the particular model which I drove it is supposed not to be necessary to go to this trouble, but to lift the wheel out after undoing the fixing nuts. Someone, however, had not acted up to instructions when the car was made, because the wheel could not be extracted without taking down the number plate and its carrier because they were just about one quarter of an inch too close to the wheel.

I could understand a mistake like this occurring if there was no inspection department, and if the fitter had no means of discovering his error, but I am bound to believe that cars are checked before being delivered, and secondly, whoever was responsible for placing the spare wheel on its dummy bracket could never have done so without injuring the cover, letting out the air in the tyre, or taking off the number-plate and its bracket.

One of these three things he had to do, but apparently he preferred not to remedy or report the fault which will irritate every other person who has to change a wheel on that car. I am afraid this little incident is an example of typical British mentality of a certain type. It is either that or else a very foolish mistake on the part of the drawing office.

JETTISON.—Following a recommendation by the Competitions Committee of the R.A.C., the Club Committee has now accepted the invitation of the Government of Northern Ireland to hold the Tourist Trophy race in Ulster next year. The race will be held on Saturday, August 20, over the Ards Circuit, and the regulations will follow closely those of previous years.

The event will be confined to cars of a standard type such as are available to the general public, and will be run on a handicap basis. An important innovation will be that cars during the race will not be required to carry mudguards, lamps, hoods, or windscreens. The decision that mudguards and lamps need not be fitted has been arrived at principally on the score of safety. The type of mudguard that is now fitted to cars that compete in the Tourist Trophy race is of a substantial character, and should a driver experience tyre trouble there is a grave risk that a serious accident might result.

The race being run in daylight, the lamps serve no useful purpose, and should one break away during the race the consequences again might be serious. So far as the windscreen and hood are concerned, neither of these accessories is in use whilst the race is in progress, and the R.A.C. feels, therefore, that there is no need for them to be carried.

INNOVATIONS.—The Automobile Association draws attention to the following Regulations affecting motorists and which come into force on January 1 next:—

Every motor vehicle (motor cycle excepted) must be fitted with a reflecting mirror so that the driver may be acquainted with the proximity of vehicles about to overtake.

Vehicles drawing trailers are exempted if the attendant on the trailer has an uninterrupted view to the rear and is able to communicate with the driver.

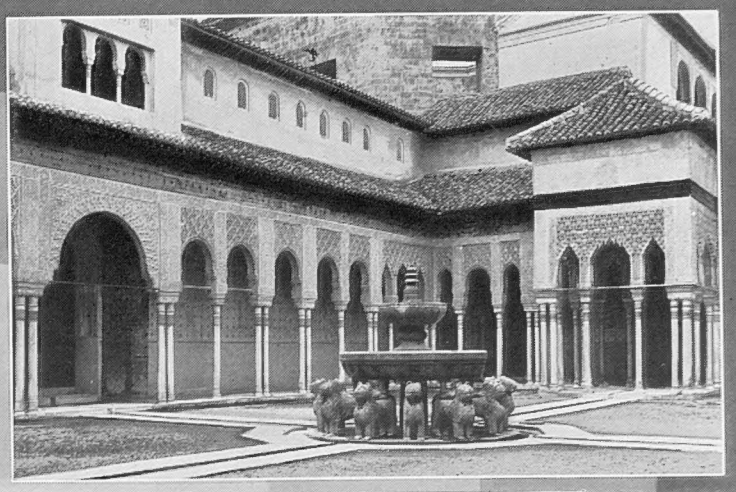
All glass fitted to the windscreens or windows facing to the front on the outside of any motor vehicle, except glass fitted to the upper deck of a double-decked vehicle, must be safety glass. Vehicles registered before 1932 are exempt until 1937, but, meantime, the glass fitted (safety or otherwise) must be maintained in a condition which does not obscure the driver's vision. "Safety glass" is defined as glass which, if fractured, does not fly into fragments capable of causing severe cuts.

"COUNSEL'S OPINION": Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares with their new Wolseley Hornet saloon, equipped with a sunshine roof supplied by Messrs. Eustace Watkins, Limited. Mr. Owen Nares is now playing in the brilliant farce, *Counsel's Opinion*, at the Strand Theatre

BUYING BRITISH: Earl Howe, the famous racing motorist, has just taken delivery of a new M.G. "Magna" close-coupled coupé, which is finished in his racing colours. The "Magna" is the latest model produced by this distinguished firm of sports car manufacturers

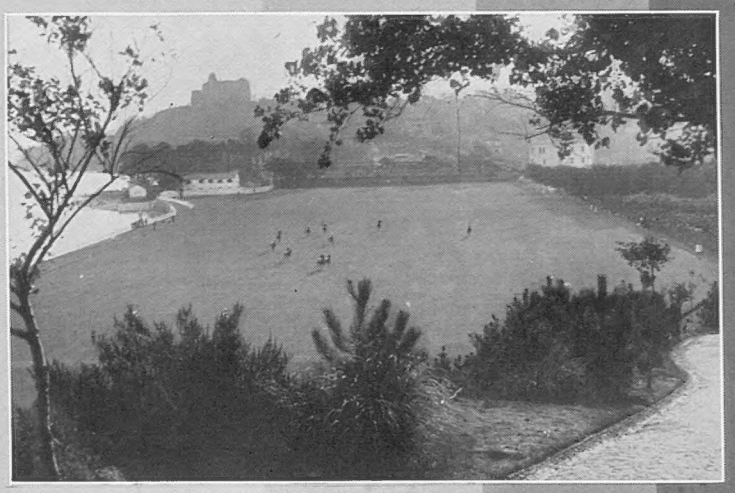
BEAUTIFUL SPAIN

An aspect of the Monastery of ESCORIAL.

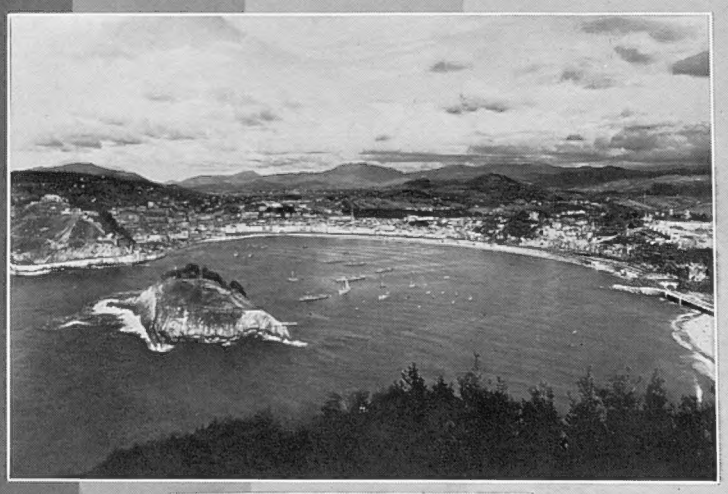


GRANADA. The Alhambra Courtyard of the Lions.

SEGOVIA. The Castle.



SANTANDER. Polo Field.



SAN SEBASTIAN. From Monte Igueldo.

MADRID. Plaza de Castelar and Alcalá Street.

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The Country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky. On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information: PARIS, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; ROME, 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR: 63-67, Main Street; NEW YORK, 695, Fifth Avenue; BUENOS AIRES, Vienticinco de Mayo, 158. At London and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, American Express, Dean & Dawson, Compagnia Italiana Turismo or any other Travel Agency.

THE WINTER SALES

By MARJORIE DAY

In a very few days from now the first of the great winter sales will be commencing, and this year circumstances have combined to make the conditions even more attractive to us than ever before. And now, if never again, is the opportunity to refurbish, not only our homes but our wardrobes.

The sale at Debenham and Freebody's is to commence on January 4 and will last for three weeks, that is until the 23rd. The second week of this is to be the principal, for a wonderful collection of silk dress materials will then be offered. Such exceptional values are these fabrics considered to be that the firm have had printed an extra catalogue for that special week solely for this purpose.

An exceptional bargain from this firm is a range of dresses, coats, and jumper suits in embroidered jersey cloth fabric reduced from 6½ and 7½ guineas to 3 guineas. In the fur department some of the special attractions will be a sable-dyed squirrel coat, the original price of which was 49 guineas, now to be reduced to 29 guineas. A Canadian mink, priced at 298 guineas, will be sold during the sale for 198 guineas. A number of silver foxes from 10½ guineas and sable ties from 29 guineas.

Householders will be particularly interested in the sale to be held at Robinson and Cleaver's from the 29th of this month. Twenty-five per cent. is to be taken off the regular price list of all their fine linen table damask. Two examples of these are as follows:

The first is called "Splash." This is of *moderniste* design woven with damask effect. Size 2½ by 2¹ yards, usual price 21s. 3d., and the sale price will be 15s. 11d. The next is of superfine quality called "Fleur de Lys." This has a striped centre and is of most effective design, size 2 by 2' yards, and the price has been reduced from 59s. 3d. to 44s.

At the sale of Swan and Edgar, which is to take place from December 30, there will be a special clearance of model gowns. The following are two typical examples:

The first, a two-piece ensemble in fancy flamingo, consists of a well-tailored frock with a white vest and a short coatee. It will be obtainable in green, plaid, black, and yellow, and many other shades at the low price of 80s. The second is the smart coat-frock of a soft woollen material. The cross-over bodice is trimmed with open-work piqué and the high waist-line is finished with a leather belt to tone. In black, navy, cherry, almond, and many other tones this frock costs 90s.

Marshall and Snelgrove will hold their winter sale from December 30 to January 30, with special remnant days occurring every Thursday. Apart from the usual departmental bargains, one of the chief features of interest will be the sale of £50,000 worth of silk, fascinating brocades, velvets; hand-blocked printed crêpe de chine and chiffons are included in this collection.

Liberty's sale begins on Monday, December 28, when a large quantity of furnishing fabrics and attractive dress materials will be disposed of; there will also be many excellent bargains in carpets and rugs.

A CHAMPAGNE OF MERIT

Of the many high-class brands of champagne which commend themselves to the discriminating consumer it would be hard to find one more popular than Piper-Heidsieck. It is pleasant to learn that there is a good stock of champagne in this country, although in most cases there is very little of the 1919 and 1921 vintages on the market. Piper 1923 vintage, which has proved a very fine wine with beautiful bouquet, is in excellent condition for present consumption.

ARE CAMELS WOODEN?!!

A letter at once interesting and amusing has been sent to THE SPHERE and is reproduced verbatim and without comment below:

"GENTLEMEN,—For several years I commanded a police force in the Sudan for the Repression of Slavery under the Ministry of Interior, Egypt. The force included a camel detachment. At times these animals contract mange. I have on several occasions painted the affected parts with Solignum and isolated them from the other fit ones. I found that after a period of about two weeks the mange was cured. The animals were then well cleaned, groomed, and oiled. They, of course, lose weight, but after being fed they soon became fit for duty again. This is not a recognized treatment, but in the absence of anything better being to hand, I found it to be a good treatment, and the camels apparently suffered no ill effects.—Yours sincerely, E. LAKE GEERE, Lieut.-Colonel, late Inspector Repression of Slavery Department (Police), Ministry of Interior, Egypt. Operating in Kordofan, Sudan."

THE OPENING OF THE LONDON SAFE DEPOSIT: Sir Josiah Stamp opens the Great Door, weighing 20 tons, at the inauguration of the London Safe Deposit at Dorland House, Lower Regent Street. On the left is Lord Hayter, Chairman of Messrs. Chubbs, Ltd., who were responsible for the construction

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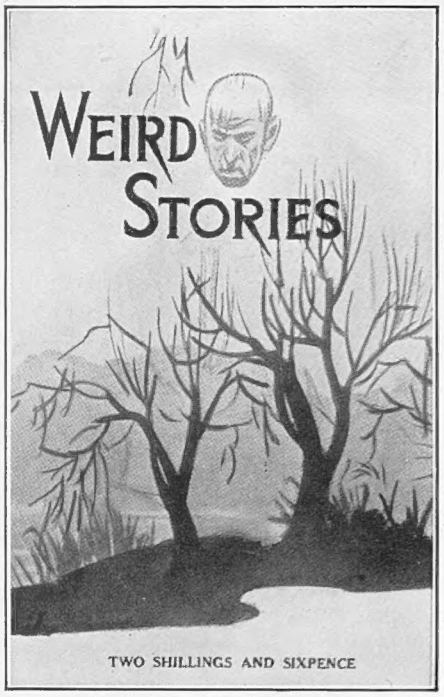

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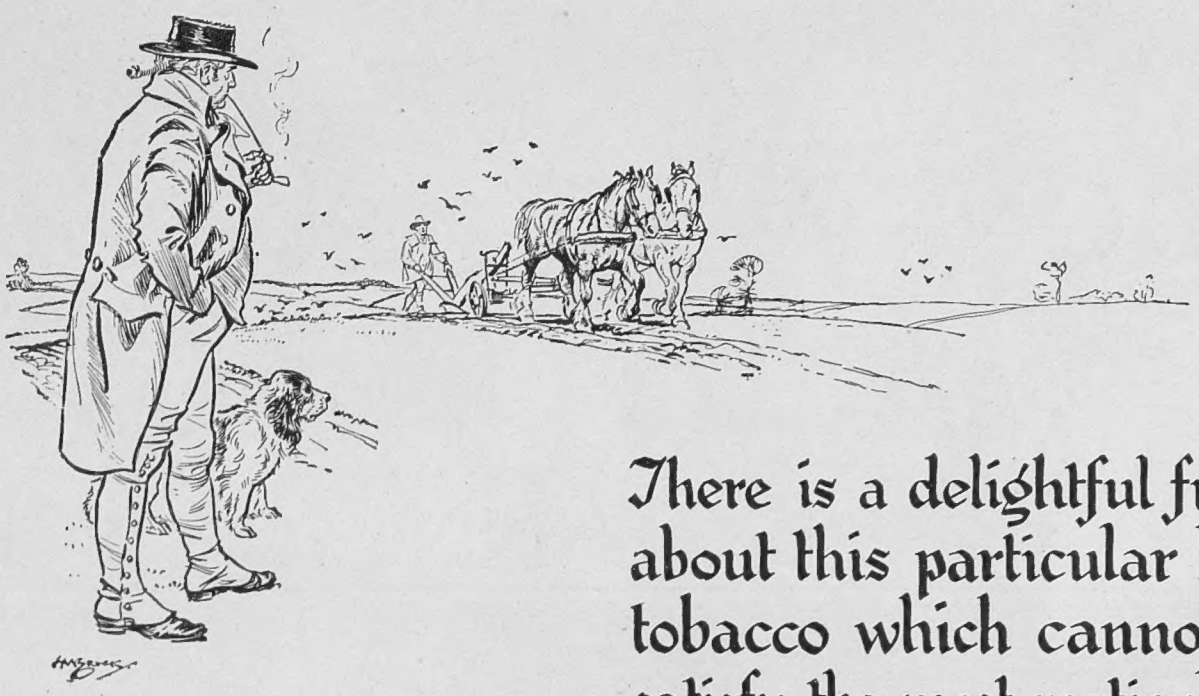

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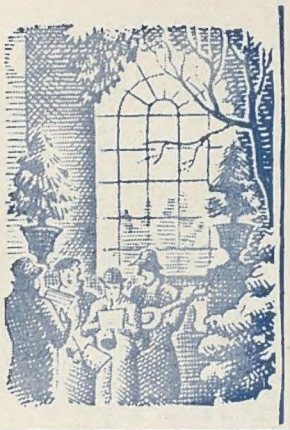

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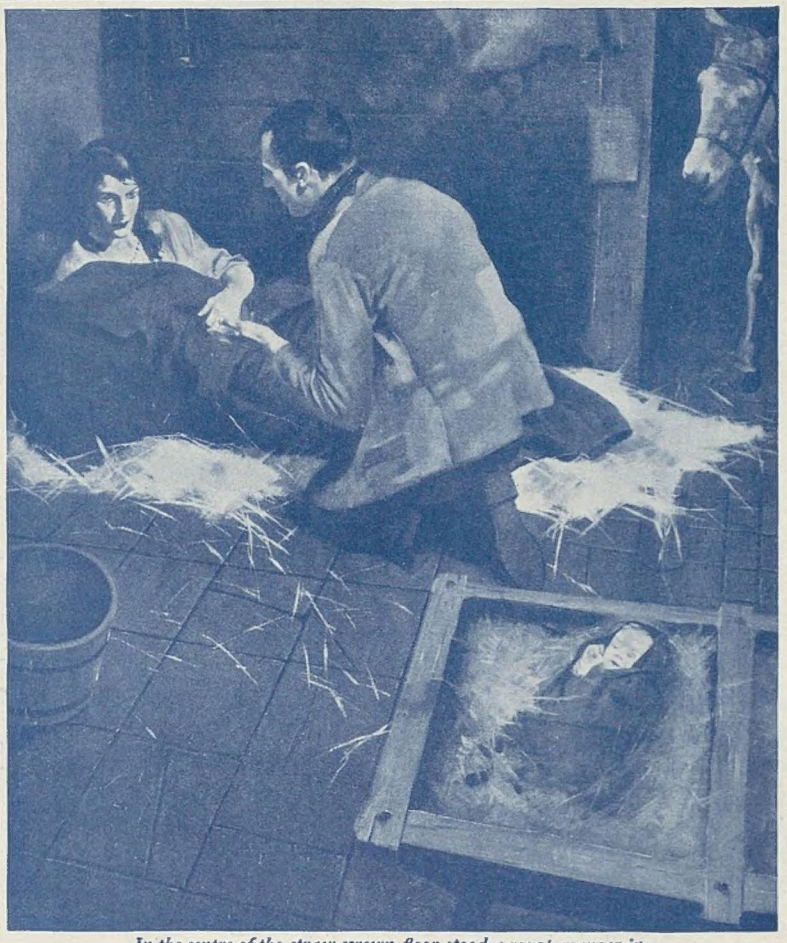

In the centre of the straw-strewn floor stood a rough manger in which lay a new-born child . . . in a corner, on a bed of straw, lay the mother, with the kneeling figure of a man beside her.

JOHN MARCH was walking home from Cannes. Ahead of him the big white villa he had taken for the season glimmered on its hilltop, surrounded by darkly silver olives and sentinelled with the sharp forms of cypress. Behind him, down the steep white road leading to the Croisette, the town twinkled with early lights, and the distance-softened strains of a band concert followed him on the soft, warm wind which blew over from Africa. Across the bay the mountains of the Esterel lay heaped in purple against a vivid sunset, but beyond the villa, to the North, the snow lay heavily on the Alps that held winter back from the French Riviera. And John March, hugging the "*bouche de Noël*" and the gilded *sabot* filled with toys which he had purchased below, turned his eyes toward the snow-capped peaks that loomed suddenly beyond a flaming hedge of scarlet geraniums and wondered why it was that Northern peoples always missed snow at Christmas.

"Christ was born in the tropics," he mused, "and yet, when there is no snow, it never seems quite like Christmas, somehow!" . . . . *Fate re-staged the age-old tableau of the Nativity, like a sign from Heaven and a guiding star to happiness, for Janice and her lover on Christmas Eve.* A delightful story; "CHRISTMAS GIFT," by *Nina Wilcox Putnam.*

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